

# Américas

OCTOBER 1954

**SHOULD WE ALL  
GO METRIC?**

**LITTLE AFRICA  
IN AMERICA**

preserves a unique  
way of life

**WITH HER DAGGER,  
SWORD, AND  
HARQUEBUS**

The strange adventures  
of Catalina de Erauso

**PEOPLE'S PAWNSHOP**

in Mexico is run  
for charity

**25**

cents

*Young students at  
São Paulo Museum of Art  
(See page 20)*





# Américas

Volume 6, Number 10

October 1954

*published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese*

## CONTENTS

Page	
2	ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT
3	SHOULD WE ALL GO METRIC? Darrell Huff
6	LITTLE AFRICA IN AMERICA Morton C. Kahn
9	WITH HER DAGGER, SWORD, AND HARQUEBUS Julio Lanza-rotti
12	PEOPLE'S PAWN SHOP Samuel Kaplan
16	IN THE WAKE OF THE CHAGRES Angel Rubio
20	SÃO PAULO ART CENTER Florentino Barbosa e Silva
24	BOLIVIA'S GREAT SALT LAKE
28	A WORD WITH THE HAWKEYE FOUR
29	OAS FOTO FLASHES
32	POINTS OF VIEW
36	BOOKS
	THE MAKING OF A CIVILIZATION Muna Lee
	VISIT TO OAXACA Robert E. Kingsley
	FROM THE PAU BOOKSHELF
40	EMBASSY ROW
45	GRAPHICS CREDITS
46	LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
47	KNOW YOUR U.S. NEIGHBORS?
48	CONTRIBUTORS

### Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.  
Carlos Dávila, Secretary General  
William Manger, Assistant Secretary General

### Editor

Kathleen Walker

### Associate Editors

George C. Compton  
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz  
Armando S. Pires

### Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig  
Elizabeth B. Kilmer  
Benedicta S. Monsen  
Lillian L. de Tagle  
Betty Wilson

Any material not copyrighted may be reprinted from AMERICAS, providing it is accompanied by the following credit line: "Reprinted from AMERICAS, monthly magazine published by the Pan American Union in English, Spanish, and Portuguese." Articles must carry the author's name.

Subscription rate of AMERICAS: \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, or Portuguese edition in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢. Address orders to Publications and Distribution Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. For information on microfilms of AMERICAS, address University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

## Dear Reader

In addressing you through this column, I am taking advantage of the cordial invitation extended to me by the new Secretary General of the Organization of American States, Dr. Carlos Dávila, a distinguished journalist and statesman whose intensive work in the fields of writing and politics is widely known both in our Hemisphere and in the Old World.

Surely Dr. Dávila, the worthy successor of another fine journalist, Dr. Alberto Lleras, will give a new and vigorous impulse to the publications of the Pan American Union, which are designed to make the aims and functioning of the OAS and the unparalleled work accomplished by our regional system better known throughout the Americas. At the same time, these publications are intended to reflect the cultural progress of the twenty-one American Republics, thus helping to increase the knowledge each of our peoples has of the others, which is an essential basis for their reciprocal friendship.

Cooperation in the cultural field within this system is primarily the responsibility of the Inter-American Cultural Council, which is one of the organs of the OAS Council. Its permanent committee, of which five states are members, is the Committee for Cultural Action, with headquarters in Mexico City. At the present time, the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs is completing preparations for the second meeting of the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The tasks assigned that meeting include the drawing up of a basic and practical program of cultural action, examination of the activities of the permanent committee and studies prepared by it, and preparation of the Cultural Charter of America, as well as organizational and other matters. The Cultural Council will consider changes in its own statutes recommended by the Tenth Inter-American Conference, held in Caracas last March, and will set up an effective plan for cooperation between the Committee for Cultural Action and the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs, so that the former will obtain the assistance that the latter is and always has been ready to lend it and which will be of inestimable value, for the Department has a select team of experts in the various cultural fields.

At the time the Council is meeting, another extremely important session will take place, in which the Ministers and Directors of Education of the American Republics will deal with such important matters as the battle against illiteracy, making primary education universal, and the holding of regular meetings of their own group. It is hardly necessary to remind AMERICAS readers of the deep significance these meetings hold for the cultural relations of our republics.

*Héctor David Castro*

Chairman of the OAS Council

# ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

## PORTENT OF A CONFERENCE

**Anticipation quickens** into nervousness among the American countries as the opening date of a top-level Hemisphere economic meeting draws closer. The agitation is due not to the fact that for the first time the Ministers of Finance or Economy of all the OAS member countries are scheduled to sit down together in Rio on November 23 at the Fourth Special Session of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council. Nor does the long, almost legendary history of delays and postponements account for the apprehension. Chief cause for concern is the far-reaching consequences of a conference that will deliberately tackle some of the weightiest—and at the same time most delicate—problems in the Hemisphere. Like an ominous cloud, responsibility hangs heavily over the delegates as they busily document the positions they will take.

Ever since the dark, pre-war days of 1938, the OAS countries have been trying to get together to thrash out economic difficulties. The original suggestion at the Eighth Inter-American Conference in Lima was for a world-wide gathering to resolve international conflicts. During wartime the idea evolved into a technical economic conference to study both the current state of emergency and postwar readjustments. Admittedly, there was no painless way to smooth out economic troubles, as the Chapultepec Conference made clear in Mexico in 1945 when it cited the urgent need "to improve the economic, social, and cultural conditions of the American Republics, or the gradual attainment of higher standards of living, in harmony with the prevailing concepts of social justice, for which sacrifices must be made . . ." The Bolivian delegation at Chapultepec proposed an Inter-American Economic and Social Council as a coordinating body attached to the Pan American Union Governing Board (now the OAS Council). The suggestion was referred to the Board, which promptly set it up. Today an organ of the OAS Council, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council is made up of a delegate from each country. For everyday parlance delegates have shortened the title to "I-A ECOSOC."

I-A ECOSOC has held three previous special sessions, but none on the big scale planned for the Fourth in Rio. At Caracas last March, preoccupation with economic problems was one highlight of the Tenth Inter-American Conference. More than ever a special meeting seemed essential to strengthen and spread the flow of trade between the United States on the one hand and the twenty Latin American countries on the other. The Caracas Conference decided to convoke such a meeting in Rio, and the Economic and Social Council subsequently worked out the agenda.

### The Situation in 1945

Of course, the problems today are quite different from those of 1945. Then, with the war just over, the Latin American republics still held most of the dollar reserves they had accumulated during four or five years of rising exports of most of their basic products. Wartime priorities

and the lack of civilian production in effect sterilized the dollar reserves; moreover, much-needed machinery, equipment, and manufactured items were still scarce. The dollar reserves were used to guarantee new issues of paper money in various countries, which, if not the cause of the rapid inflation in many nations in the postwar period, certainly contributed to it. At that time, there was no difficulty in finding a market for the area's exports. As price controls went off in 1946, the Latin American countries profited from the initial rise in prices—an instability that worked to their advantage. The only restrictions on trade were those dictated by scarcity. The "terms of trade"—the relation between prices on the goods they export and on things they have to import—were relatively favorable to the Latin American countries, at least in comparison with the situation in some later years.

### The Situation Today

Today, on the other hand, Latin America is suffering the depressing effects of unstable prices and markets for its basic export products. It is handicapped by trade restrictions—adopted because of the shortage of foreign exchange for the purchase of needed equipment, machinery, raw materials, and manufactured goods. It also lacks capital for further development programs to provide employment and a satisfactory standard of living for a rapidly increasing population. With present development projects bringing a faster rise in imports than exports, the relative dollar shortage has led to stringent restrictions and discriminatory treatment of imports of various classes of consumer and capital goods.

For lack of markets, wheat, wool, and other products that account for a large share of Latin America's exports are piling up in warehouses. In many cases production levels were determined by war needs and to convert to other lines would require heavy investment and detailed long-term development plans.

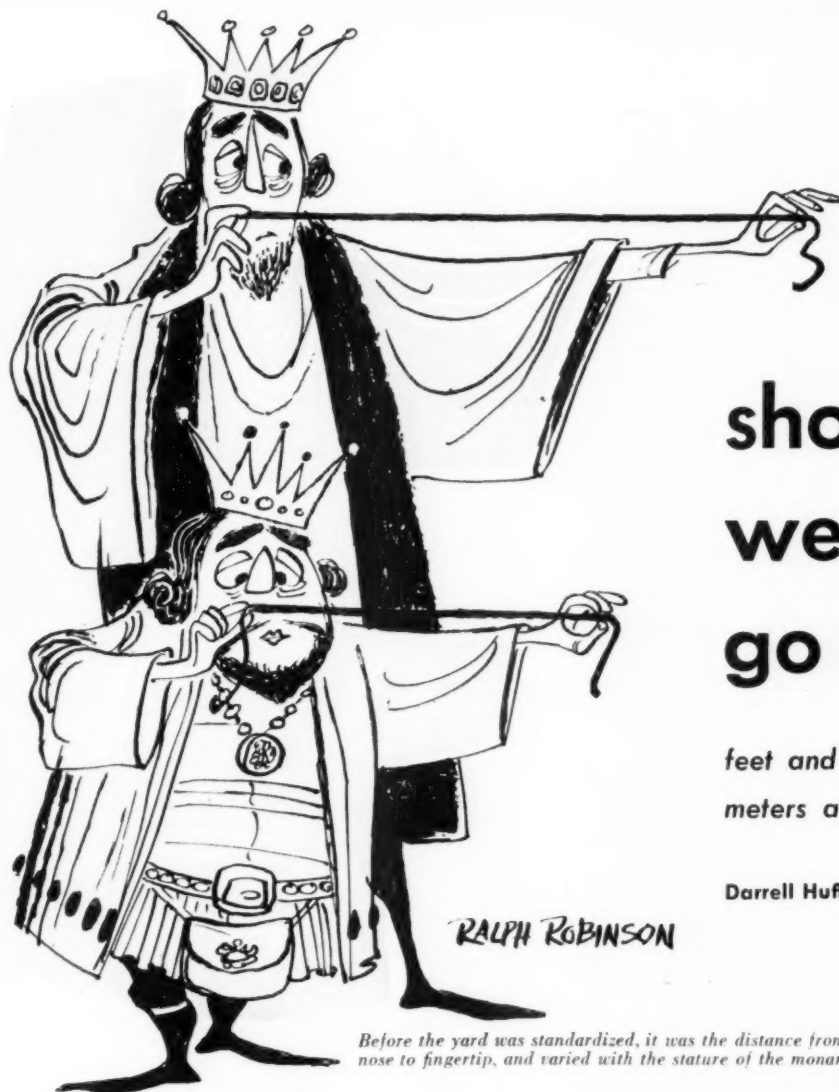
The possibility of doing something about these basic problems through international agreements has determined the agenda for the Rio meeting. This is divided into four categories: international trade, economic development, transportation, and other economic and financial matters.

### International Trade

The structure of Latin American economies makes those countries especially dependent on international trade. So the search for means and agreements tending to achieve stable and fair prices and markets for their products will be one of the basic points of this session. The Latin Americans have never forgotten what happened to the value of the dollar reserves they accumulated during World War II. Millions of dollars earned by the sale of raw materials at artificially low prices were quickly used up in the purchase of badly needed machinery and manufactured items at very high prices—prices boosted by removal of

(Continued on page 27)





*Before the yard was standardized, it was the distance from king's nose to fingertip, and varied with the stature of the monarch*

## should we all go metric?

*feet and quarts versus  
meters and liters*

Darrell Huff

HOW DO YOU MEASURE your weight or waist line, the length of your garden, a bit of butter, a few drops of water? Do you use pounds and ounces, feet and inches? Or grams and kilograms, meters and centimeters? The measurements you use depend upon where you live, what you do for a living—and perhaps even how law-abiding you happen to be.

Whatever system of measurement you use, you can be sure that much of the rest of the world is using something else. The result is confusion and misunderstanding, enough unnecessary arithmetic to make a schoolboy tear his hair, and enormous economic loss.

A rubber grower in La Paz looks over two mail-order catalogs and places his order with the German firm instead of the one in the United States, "simply because the crazy yards and sizes the merchants up there have are a regular Chinese puzzle to us. I would rather pay more and know what I am going to get."

That is what happens when a seller measures in one way and the buyer in another. To comply with the law making the metric system compulsory, an importing con-

cern in Montevideo lists a box of Post Toasties as 330 grams and sells Log Cabin syrup by the 1.1 kilo. And gin, in a bottle on which "one quart" is pressed into the glass, is offered as "*un litro*," although a liter equals 1.057 quarts.

In some matters both manufacturer and consumer think in the same terms, while the metric law forbids their use. So a company sells U.S. windmills by the foot—but cannot say so. It lists one model as No. 16, and the customer understands that this is a sixteen-foot windmill. "No. 16" is also the description of a screw with sixteen threads to the inch. If its diameter is a quarter inch, it is listed simply as " $\frac{1}{4}$ ."

Again, you get the strange measure that a traveler reported from Paraguay, the "board meter." It is lumber one inch thick, one foot wide, one meter long. Or the tailor shop in Rio de Janeiro that buys English cloth by the yard, allows three yards for a suit, but measures the customer in centimeters.

Those are confusions that afflict people somehow involved in world trade. But the trouble is by no means

entirely international. Purely domestic matters can be as complex, because in most of the world the metric and traditional measures still function side by side.

In South American countries, where metric measures are compulsory, the units still most widely used are the inch, pound, foot, *arroba* (25.35 pounds, except in Brazil, where it's the old Portuguese *arroba* of 32.33 pounds), and *palmo* (8.66 inches). The cotton planter in Paraguay thinks and talks in *arrobas*. Tell him the price of cotton in kilos and he quickly multiplies by ten to get an approximate price in the *arrobas* that mean something to him.

As recently as ten years ago, after more than seventy-five years of compulsory use of metric, the old measures were still being used more than a third of the time. One study in Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay showed customary measures are still doing 44 per cent of the work. And even in Europe they do 23 per cent of it.

In most English-speaking countries, the housewife, the merchant, and the surveyor deal with pounds and quarts and feet. The scientific worker, however, uses the metric system. In many fields both are used.

The photographer, amateur or professional, will find some of his formulas given in grams and liters, others in avoirdupois and fluid ounces. Unless he keeps dual sets of measuring devices, he'll often have to convert formulas, using such discouraging decimals as this one: fluid ounces must be multiplied by .02957 to find liters.

In the United States, as elsewhere, radios are calibrated in meters of wave length or kilocycles, and small spark plugs in millimeters. Although the U.S. Army uses inches for coast artillery weapons, it uses millimeters for field guns.

Where have these measuring systems come from? The metric is a comparative newcomer, conceived in the seventeenth century and given shape and force a hundred years later at the time of the French Revolution. But the most common of the "customary" systems—that of pounds and feet and so on—has grown up, with infinite modification and refinement by its users, over thousands of years. Many of the strengths and weaknesses of both systems can be traced to these historical facts.

The English measures have come to us through the Anglo-Saxons, who brought them to England fifteen centuries ago. Some go back at least to the Greeks of half a millenium earlier. How the customary measures have arisen and changed may be seen in the history of one of them.

The basic unit of length was the arm stretch—what, in a bird, we would call a tip-to-tip measurement. And it has always been, as you might guess, somewhere around what we would call six feet. Various peoples standardized it, but the standards were as different as the average statures of the national groups involved. For the Greeks it seems to have been 72.90 inches. Later, in the Rhineland, it was 79.08 inches. The Saxons used the Saxofathom of 79.20 of our inches.

After 1066 the Normans brought in foreign workmen to build their castles. These were smaller peoples who found the Saxofathom unsuitable. And they were crafts-

men, who demanded agreement among the crafts on measurements to prevent confusion. So in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries compromise developed a new fathom exactly ten-elevenths the length of the old. Its seventy-two-inch length was divided in half for the clothmaker's yard, into six parts for the craftsman's foot.

Other customary measures developed in equally arbitrary ways. Our pint is the volume of one pound of wine at wine-cellar temperatures. In England the yard, before it was standardized, was the distance from the ruling monarch's nose-tip to the end of his hand, and could change abruptly when a short-armed son succeeded a lanky father. There was a free-and-easy day when an inch was defined as three barleycorns and a rod was the sum of the length of the left feet of sixteen churchgoers.

From this diverse background the customary measures of today have developed. It is no wonder that even now there exist several different sizes of pints, quarts, and gallons. There are three different ounces and pounds and tons and four or five miles.

Against this background of confusion the metric system came into being. It had been discussed as early as 1670 by French and Dutch scientists, but needed the French Revolution to give it a start. Those, of course, were days of enormous change in France. It was the ideal time for a drastic shift in anything, including a system of measuring. Churches and castles were being burned. Sunday had been abolished. A new calendar had been brought into use, with New Year's Day of the year One being September 22, 1792. The week became a ten-day unit.

In line with the philosophy of Rousseau's Social Contract, it was decided that the new system of measuring must come from a natural unit. Chosen was one ten-millionth of the distance from the pole to the equator on the meridian that passes through Paris. This was called the meter. A whole system of measurement of solids and liquids, of weights and measures, of length and area and volume was built upon it. It is a decimal system, using multipliers and dividers of 10, 100, 1000. It is what might be called an interrelated system. That is, a cubic measure of water one centimeter at standard temperature was originally intended to weigh precisely one gram.

How neatly this all works can be described in the experience of an imaginary Robinson Crusoe. If he

*Meter, based on distance from pole to equator on meridian passing through Paris, was designed to dispel confusions of customary system*





*Liquor salesman in country where metric system is compulsory:  
"Sh, no matter what it says, it's a liter as long as he's listening"*

should land on his desert island with a single measuring unit no larger than his fingertip, he could re-create from it the entire metric system. This measure would be a hollow centimeter cube with one edge marked into ten divisions.

Using this cube a hundred times, our Crusoe could mark off a long twig into a meter stick, marking it also for decimeters and millimeters. This stick, used a thousand times, would let him survey his island in kilometers, the standard measure for long distances. He'd then know its area in ares (a hundred square meters) and hectares (ten thousand square meters).

With this accomplished, he could easily set up a weighing system. His centimeter cube will hold one gram of water. A thousand fillings would add up to a kilogram, the standard measure of weight—and also the liter, the usual metric measure for milk and many other fluids. And a thousand of his kilos would give him a metric ton.

Actually, of course, Robinson Crusoe, having been English (and pre-metric to boot), would have had to do his measuring in pounds and feet and miles and acres. He'd have needed a remarkably good knowledge of tables of weights and measures to get anywhere. (You can get from cubic inches to quarts by multiplying by 57.75. But who remembers that?) This unified quality constitutes one of the most potent arguments for use of the metric system.

But wait. What if our shipwreck victim had a splendid working knowledge of measuring systems—but no cubic centimeter for his starting point? What if, as is likely enough, he were washed up on an island naked, with no physical possessions at all? Assuming he didn't know his own height, either in inches or centimeters, how could he begin a system? He could get a basis for beginning in just the way the traditional English system began. By taking the distance from left-hand to right-hand fingertips he could get a reasonable approximation of two yards.

Out of this history and the natures of the two kinds of systems—the rational and artificial, the arbitrary and

natural—arise the arguments for and against the universal adoption of the metric system. Let's take the pro-metric side first.

Uniformity is probably the strongest argument of them all. To avoid all the waste and confusion inherent in a dual system, one must eventually replace the other. Since there is no real likelihood that pounds and ounces will ever take over again, then the only way to get uniformity is by making the metric system world-wide for everything.

The second powerful argument is that the metric system is decimal-based, and the traditional measures are not. The magic in the number ten lies in the fact that our arithmetic is decimal in nature. To change from meter to centimeter, from kilogram to gram, and so on, is no work at all. You merely move a decimal point. Even the metric ton is simply one thousand kilograms. Adoption of this system, metric advocates have calculated, would shorten teaching of arithmetic by one fifth. There is little to learning the metric system. Once you have mastered the meanings of a few prefixes (such as deci-, centi-, kilo-) and a few basic words, you know it all and are not likely to forget it.

The customary measures, on the other hand, are so arbitrary and complicated that few people ever learn them all. How many feet in a rod? Grains in an ounce? Yards in a mile? We learn these things in school, but unless they are part of our work we seldom remember them long.

In its internally unified quality lies the third great argument for universal adoption of the metric system. Although, because of imperfections in early measurements, a cubic centimeter of water at four degrees Centigrade does not weigh precisely one gram, it is close enough for most practical purposes. And a gram always means weight and a cubic centimeter always means volume; an ounce may be either weight or volume.

A less convincing argument for the metric system is its rational basis. It was intended that the meter should be one ten-millionth of the distance from pole to equator on the meridian through Paris. Any possible merit that this "natural" basis for the meter might have has been lost in the inaccuracy with which the original measurements were made.

A final argument is that if it were not entirely workable, the metric system could not have become the legal standard of most of the world (its use is legal even in the pound-foot-using United States, though, of course, not compulsory).

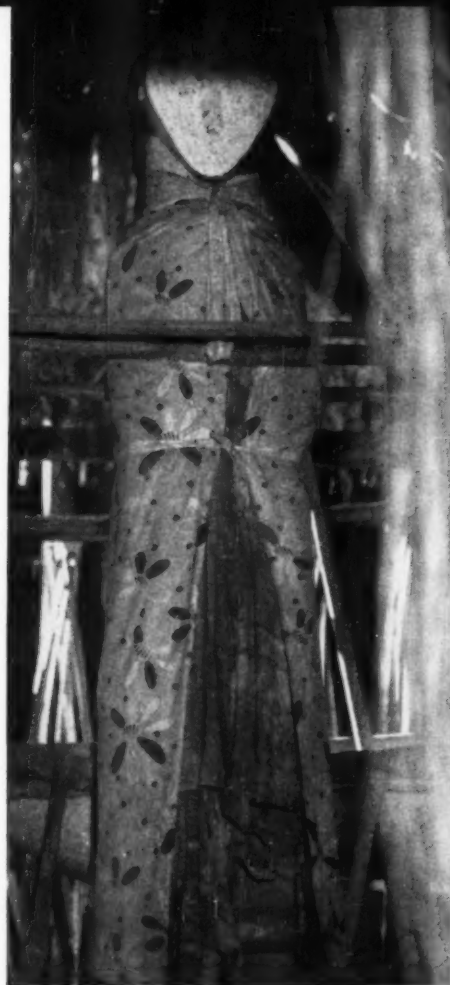
The anti-metric argument begins with this last point. It is only compulsion that gets unhandy metric units used at all, the opponent of the metric system contends. You can see this in South America. In the back country, where the law is less strictly enforced, metric measures are disregarded.

Even the bitterest opponent of metric methods concedes the value of decimal relationships. A comparison of U.S. dollars and cents with British pounds, shillings, pence, and what-not makes this point evident enough.

*(Continued on page 35)*

# Little Africa in America

*Life among  
the Bush Negroes  
of Surinam*



*Not knowing what Voodoo divinity looks like, Surinam Djukas purposely leave face of religious fetish blank*



*Djuka belles take pride in their geometric patterns of scars*



**Morton C. Kahn**

*Photographs by the author*

ON THE NORTHEASTERN EDGE of South America, a little back from the coast in the hinterland of Surinam or Dutch Guiana, a unique civilization thrives that is little known to the white man of this continent. We know much of the strange life of the Congo and even of the fascinating customs peculiar to the inhabitants of the Malay jungle, but of the proudly independent Surinam Bush Negro, the "Djuka" as he calls himself, of the survival of his African customs, of his medicine and religion, little has been told. His story goes back more than two hundred years.

Beginning in the early part of the seventeenth century, Dutch colonists cultivated large sugar plantations on the banks of the Lower Surinam, Cottica, and Saramacca rivers in Dutch Guiana. In those days labor was no problem; it was common practice for the planters to obtain natives from the West African Coast and compel the men and women to work as slaves in their fields.

In 1675, or thereabouts, a few slaves on the outlying

*The sanctum sanctorum of the Aucaner tribe far up the Tapanahoni River. Shrines of Voodoo god, left, and of spirit called "Aflamu," foreground*



plantations rebelled against their white masters and escaped into the jungle. Others soon reinforced them until their numbers became formidable indeed. In a series of long and bloody wars, aided by the impenetrable jungle, their own bravery, and the sagacity of their leaders, the Negroes gained many victories over the combined forces of the Dutch and British allies. The wise colonial authorities, seeing that any further attempt at recapture was futile, made a truce, and though attacks upon the Negroes continued spasmodically for many years, with the blacks retaliating in vicious forays against the outlying plantations, both sides finally agreed to have peace, and complete freedom was granted to the slaves who had escaped. This peace has never been violated, and the descendants of the rebellious slaves have remained a free and independent people to this day.

Over the years, the Djukas formed six tribes. The first to secure their independence were the Saramaccas in 1749, the first non-Europeans in all America to win their independence from a colonial power. In 1761, the men of a second tribe, the Aucaners, similarly declared and maintained their independence, and the lesser tribes followed suit at intervals. These tribes are still intact. The Saramaccas live along the Surinam River, the Aucaners chiefly on the Tapanahoni, the Paramaccas on the Middle Maroni River, the Matawaais on the Upper Saramacca, the Quintee Matawaais on the Upper Coppename, and the Boni on the Lawa River. In their little jungle villages of thatched huts bordering these great streams and tributaries they lead a primitive but peaceful and contented life. After spending intermittent periods among them over the past thirty-two years, I have come to respect and admire them.

Each tribe has its own king, known as the *Gran-mon*, who deals only with matters affecting the entire tribe. Every village, in turn, has a head man known as *Capi-tain*, who is aided in governing the population by a few mature men and women called *bosseia* (from the Dutch word *baas* or boss). Moreover, the tribes are broken up into numerous clans, in the African fashion.

The people are forbidden to marry outside their own tribe, and territorial rights are jealously guarded. Anyone approaching another tribe's lands without permission is subjected to a severe beating. Nor is there any inter-marriage with the Alukuana Indians, who live further inland. The first Alukuana village is four days' paddle from the last Djuka village. The intervening territory is known as *Ingie Condreebuka*—"the mouth of the Indian country"—and has been left uninhabited under treaty terms ever since the Djukas defeated the Indians many years ago. But the Djukas trade with the Indians—even those over the border in Brazil—especially for the highly prized and expertly trained Indian hunting dogs. It is also against the rules for a Djuka to marry a town Negro (known as *Bahkra Schlaf*—white man's slave), so the tribes, who together number between twenty-five and thirty thousand people, have preserved a pure West African ethnic strain.

The Negroes of North America, as well as those of the West Indies—even Haiti—and other territories in

this Hemisphere, have cast off nearly all their African heritage, for the most part yielding to the influence of white civilization, eager to imitate its customs and to emulate its standards. The Djukas are of an entirely different mold. They still cling to the African customs and crafts of their rebellious forefathers. Many of the slaves who revolted were born in the colony, but the first rebel forces were made up of stalwart Negroes recently arrived from Africa on the slave ships, and although these slaves came from many different tribes, they had a number of customs and traditions in common. Under the influence of their dusky leaders, the culture of the black men was welded and cherished and that of the white man considered deeply inferior. This idea, only slightly modified, holds even now. The Bush Negroes have absolutely no sense of inferiority. They realize that *bahkra obiah bon* (white man's magic is good), but their own suits them much better. The Bush Negro's mastery of jungle conditions is apt to make him scorn the white man's relative helplessness, for on many of the rivers, no progress into the interior can be made without the Djuka's aid as paddler, hunter, or guide.



Bush Negroes are of pure West African ethnic stock. Here women perform a dance to the fertility goddess

The Djuka finds his own living. Game, fish, oil-bearing nuts, and a little fruit are furnished by the jungle; the land is only semi-fertile and, although an unending battle must be waged against the ever-encroaching jungle, as well as insect and bird pests, each village has its own little provision ground, which furnishes cassava, upland rice, yams, peanuts, and occasionally sugar cane and peppers. It is the men's duty to clear away the forest for

the crop area, chopping the trees and burning over the plot, but the women are responsible for planting and harvesting. Curiously, the provision clearing is always situated some distance from the village, a custom that survives from the days of the rebellion. When the white forces discovered a rebel village, they would usually destroy it, but the wily blacks simply retired to a safer spot deep in the forest, far beyond their provision ground, occasionally sending scouts to the clearing for food.

Few of the inhabitants of villages far up the rivers



*Study in racial contrasts: a Bush Negro (second from left) with three wild Alukuana Indians, who live deeper in the interior*



*Djukas worship ancestors, set up shrines to them like this one*



*Aucaner tribesman sends signal beat through the jungle on apénte drum*

have ever seen a white man, but traders from the Dutch towns come up to the lower Bush Negro settlements and barter for the hardwood timber cut by the Djukas. While the white men are never in a position to control these people's necessities, the lumber, or the money paid for it, makes it possible for the Djukas to purchase old shotguns, brightly colored cloth, brass wire coils, and tobacco. They also barter for machetes, shot, powder, knives, and other ironware; for, while the Bush Negro deems it a disgrace to bring anything into the village that he could make himself, he is not averse to trading for such articles. The bright cloth is worn as a sort of toga. People clad in this manner are found in many parts of the West African Coast. The brass wire coils are used for ornaments, especially by the women, who wind them tightly about their arms and legs, a custom distinctly African in origin.

Their method of using tobacco is unique, to say the least. Instead of smoking, they prefer to suck up through their broad nostrils a dark brown fluid made by soaking the tobacco leaf in water to which a little wood ash has been added. They offer their guests a small vessel containing this liquid, as we would a package of cigarettes. The noise emanating from such a ritual is deafening, and I often wondered how the membranes of their noses and throats withstood the constant application of the burning juice.

The Djukas' feeling of superiority is based not only on their ability to cope with nature but also on a word-of-mouth record of their successful war for freedom. This has been passed on from generation to generation in a saga that preserves the names of the leaders, the stories of the battles, the anecdotes of magic protection against white men's bullets, and instances of individual heroism and shrewdness. The history is told in a cere-

*(Continued on page 41)*

**Julio Lanza**

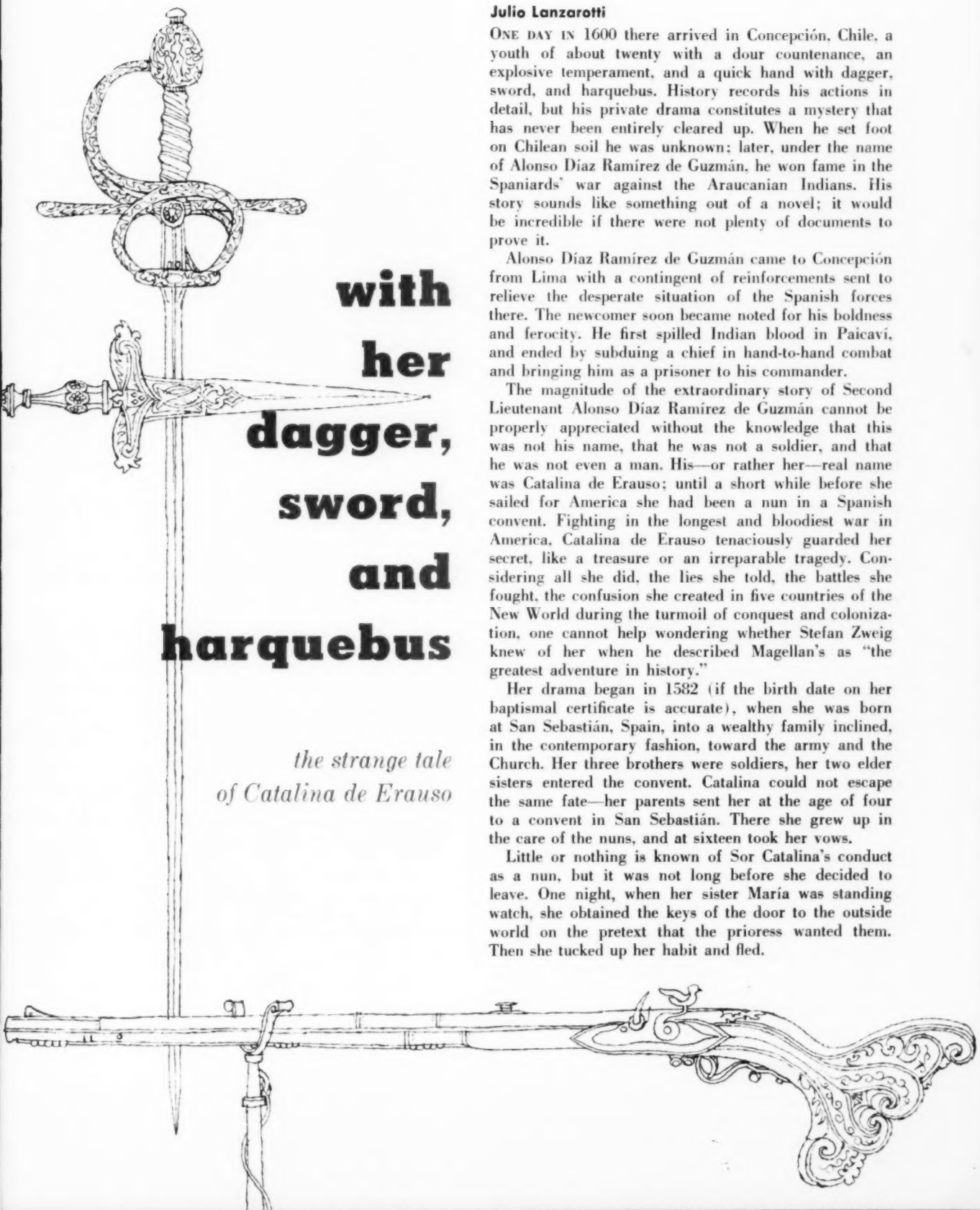
ONE DAY IN 1600 there arrived in Concepción, Chile, a youth of about twenty with a dour countenance, an explosive temperament, and a quick hand with dagger, sword, and harquebus. History records his actions in detail, but his private drama constitutes a mystery that has never been entirely cleared up. When he set foot on Chilean soil he was unknown; later, under the name of Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán, he won fame in the Spaniards' war against the Araucanian Indians. His story sounds like something out of a novel; it would be incredible if there were not plenty of documents to prove it.

Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán came to Concepción from Lima with a contingent of reinforcements sent to relieve the desperate situation of the Spanish forces there. The newcomer soon became noted for his boldness and ferocity. He first spilled Indian blood in Paicaví, and ended by subduing a chief in hand-to-hand combat and bringing him as a prisoner to his commander.

The magnitude of the extraordinary story of Second Lieutenant Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán cannot be properly appreciated without the knowledge that this was not his name, that he was not a soldier, and that he was not even a man. His—or rather her—real name was Catalina de Erauso; until a short while before she sailed for America she had been a nun in a Spanish convent. Fighting in the longest and bloodiest war in America, Catalina de Erauso tenaciously guarded her secret, like a treasure or an irreparable tragedy. Considering all she did, the lies she told, the battles she fought, the confusion she created in five countries of the New World during the turmoil of conquest and colonization, one cannot help wondering whether Stefan Zweig knew of her when he described Magellan's as "the greatest adventure in history."

Her drama began in 1582 (if the birth date on her baptismal certificate is accurate), when she was born at San Sebastián, Spain, into a wealthy family inclined, in the contemporary fashion, toward the army and the Church. Her three brothers were soldiers, her two elder sisters entered the convent. Catalina could not escape the same fate—her parents sent her at the age of four to a convent in San Sebastián. There she grew up in the care of the nuns, and at sixteen took her vows.

Little or nothing is known of Sor Catalina's conduct as a nun, but it was not long before she decided to leave. One night, when her sister María was standing watch, she obtained the keys of the door to the outside world on the pretext that the prioress wanted them. Then she tucked up her habit and fled.



**with  
her  
dagger,  
sword,  
and  
harquebus**

*the strange tale  
of Catalina de Erauso*



There are those who think that her decision was prompted by some "conflict" in the convent brought about by her rebellious temperament, incapable of bowing to religious discipline. But this commonly accepted explanation does not reveal the inner drama of Catalina de Erauso, which was surely more complex and tormented. Perhaps she did not want to be a nun or even a woman. Her later life tends to encourage this suspicion.

After fleeing the convent, Catalina de Erauso hid in the woods and hills of the region, living meagerly on fruit and crumbs of bread she begged. Meanwhile, she made her habit into rudimentary male attire, perhaps awkwardly sewn trousers, a shirt, and something that would do duty as a coat. For a time she worked in various houses as servant or page. Later she embarked for America disguised as a man—just one more among the anonymous thousands of adventurers, soldiers, merchants, fugitives, and fortune hunters that Spain poured into the heroic effort to conquer and colonize the New World. She appeared in Peru as Francisco de Loyola or Noyola early in 1600 at the age of eighteen.

Why did Catalina de Erauso choose the arduous and unknown road of the New World? Just to escape the convent and family pressures? No one knows. Perhaps it was simply her adventurous spirit.

In Trujillo, Peru, Juan de Urquiza set her up in a shop dealing in silk, but this was soon brought to an end by the first bloody affair involving the strange creature later to be known as the Nun-Lieutenant. Without qualms she stabbed two men who took a seat she had chosen in a theater. Since the law dealt harshly with quarrels between Spaniards, she had to flee to sanctuary in a church. The corregidor enticed her out with a promise of clemency, but instead had her taken to prison, where "her head was put into very tight stocks," as Bernardino de Guzmán relates in a work published in Seville in 1625.

Catalina de Erauso was freed from prison through the efforts of the bishop, who took her to his house. She soon found new employment, which was terminated abruptly by a second incident with a knife that made her decide to leave for Lima—perhaps to avoid the "very tight stocks."

In the capital of the bustling viceroyalty Diego de Olarte installed her in another store, on Mercaderes Street. But Catalina had certainly not fled the convent to grow old among odds and ends. She preferred to join one of the three companies of soldiers bound for Chile.

In those days, to go to Chile was a matter of "double or nothing"—glory or obscure death, misery or fortune. But such a gamble could not frighten a woman like Catalina de Erauso, already embarked on a perhaps hopeless adventure. Ready for battle and for making her own life, she went to Concepción.

There, awaiting the reinforcements, was no less than Miguel de Erauso, Catalina's brother, who had been sent to Chile as a soldier and was now serving as secretary to the governor. In this capacity, it fell to him to review the newly arrived troops. He walked down the lines asking each his name and where he came from. When Cata-



*Formerly a Spanish nun, Catalina de Erauso posed in America as Second Lieutenant Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán*

lina's turn came, she replied that she was Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán of San Sebastián.

Long absent from home, Miguel de Erauso did not recognize his own sister, but he was overjoyed at finding a neighbor in Chile. He embraced Catalina effusively and asked whether she knew his parents. Perhaps she amused herself telling him news of the family, for he became so enthusiastic that he carried her off to his own company and remained her friend for a long time.

An incident occurred during this period that might have permitted probing deeper into the inner drama of Catalina de Erauso. But unfortunately, whether by oversight or intentionally, the chroniclers of the era mentioned the matter only in passing. The book published by Simón Fajardo in 1625, which purports to be based on stories related by Catalina herself, tells of a quarrel between her and her brother Miguel.

Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán—Catalina—had taken to paying frequent calls upon Miguel de Erauso's mistress, until at last Miguel became enraged and told her not to enter this woman's house again. Now it was Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán's turn to become enraged; she rejected the ban. A violent altercation followed, and, as was to be expected in those times, swords were drawn.

It is mistakenly reported in some accounts that Catalina killed her brother. Actually, the duelists were separated by Captain Francisco de Aillón. A summary trial resolved the case on the basis of military grade, "exiling" Alonso to the recently established fort of Nacimiento.

For valor in battle, Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán was awarded the rank of Second Lieutenant, whence comes the title of Nun-Lieutenant, by which she was



known after her extraordinary story was partly revealed. She remained in the forests of southern Chile for fourteen years. What sent her to new climes was another disciplinary measure. For fighting with other soldiers she was again deported—this time to Fort Arauco, where conditions were so bad that she preferred to desert with two other soldiers and cross the Andes to what is now Argentina. A corporal and three soldiers were sent out from the fort in pursuit of the deserters, but the Nun-Lieutenant killed one and put the others to flight.

The march over the cordillera was a challenge hurled in the face of death, which claimed two victims: the nun's companions died of hunger and cold on the way. She, unquestionably the hardest of the lot, reached the other side after twenty-six days of superhuman effort. Then she headed north, and after a long journey settled in Tucumán, in the house of the bishop's secretary.

The picture of Catalina that has come down to us is not pleasing; something ambiguous, indefinable, about her inspires a feeling close to aversion. But the likenesses we have are all based on a portrait painted by the distinguished Sevillian artist Francisco Pacheco in 1630, at the end of the first stage of her adventures, when the vitality that must have been her greatest attraction was spent. But when she arrived at Tucumán she was in her early thirties, and in any case she must have had a

certain charm or presence, for throughout her tempestuous life she found friends and allies.

At the bishop's house, the Nun-Lieutenant, still passing as Alonso Díaz Ramírez de Guzmán, met Canon Antonio de Cervantes, on whom she made an excellent impression. It was not long before the canon conceived the idea of marriage between her and his niece, to which Catalina feigned hearty assent. A betrothal was arranged, with the promise of a good dowry, and as an advance payment the canon presented the "bridegroom" with a black velvet suit, while the bride demonstrated her love with "twelve shirts, twelve pairs of printed cotton breeches, two collars of fine cotton, a dozen handkerchiefs, and two hundred pesos on a large plate." The night after receiving these gifts, Catalina shattered the illusions of the generous bride by slinking out toward Potosí, in what is now Bolivia.

On the road, the Nun-Lieutenant killed a highwayman who assaulted her. She found work on a cattle ranch for a time, quarreled with her employer and stabbed him, and later fought so intrepidly to help the authorities put down an uprising that she was appointed aide to a sergeant major, a post "she held two years, during which she displayed her valor on many occasions." She took part in other expeditions and traveled to Chuquiago, Charcas, and Cochabamba, then returned to Potosí.

About this time she fell victim to an ancient passion—a passion for gambling. She staked everything she had in all kinds of games, permitted and prohibited—cards, dice, the infinity of systems with which soldiers tempt elusive fortune.

One night in Charcas, three Potosí merchants pressed her into a card game. Though she saw that the cards were marked, she accepted the invitation. She welcomed danger because she knew how to defend herself.

It seems that as far back as that, sharpers used a technique that still produces results: letting the victim win at first, to arouse his enthusiasm; then recovering everything, along with whatever he has. But, also as far back as that, the Nun-Lieutenant was capable of dealing with this technique. As soon as she had won the early stakes, which amounted to a sizable sum of money, she quit the game. The merchants became indignant, threw the cards in her face, and insulted her. Affronted, and violent as she was by nature, she buried her dagger in one scoundrel, whereupon the others, amid a tremendous uproar, came at her with knives. She felled one, but the third wounded her rather seriously.

She was arrested and held in prison for five months, during which time her wound healed. After a sham trial, she was ordered deported to Chile. But knowing what Chile meant, she tried by every possible means to avoid going. Finally, a lady she had rescued from the fury of a jealous husband won a cancellation of the order in exchange for her promise to leave the city. So she moved on to Lima, sailed from Callao to Panama, returned to Lima, took part in a naval battle against English ships, and finally went to Cuzco, where one stage of her life was to come to an end.

(Continued on page 44)



*Instead of skirts and mantillas, Catalina preferred to wear helmet and armor like these shown in Santiago, Chile, museum*



*Jewelry counters contain merchandise checked for authenticity in gemology laboratory*



*Pledges awaiting redemption are placed in immense storerooms like this one at National Pawnshop*

## PEOPLE'S PAWN

*You can find anything in this Mexican treasure house*

### **Samuel Kaplan**

THE CYNIC may smile at the idea that a pawnshop can have a conscience, for there is considerable evidence to the contrary. Nevertheless, countless Mexicans respect the ethics of the venerable *Nacional Monte de Piedad*, the National Pawnshop in Mexico City.

Something of the picturesque flavor of its founder, Don Pedro de Terreros, who established it in 1775 with a gift of 300,000 pesos, lingers there still. Don Pedro had a desk with many drawers, all except one crammed with silver coins, and that one was empty. When a beggar asked for alms, Don Pedro would point to the desk, urge his caller to open one of the drawers and help himself. At the sight of so much wealth, the dazed and perplexed suppliant would ask hesitantly if he were really to take all. The generous donor would reply heartily, "Certainly, my friend. It is the will of God!" If, on the other hand, anyone were so unlucky as to choose the empty drawer, he went away penniless. That

also was the will of God, reasoned the logical and devout Don Pedro.

A government-supervised business like all Mexican pawnshops, but, unlike the others, a tax-free charitable organization, the *Nacional Monte de Piedad* is charged with safeguarding objects of priceless historical interest and value. If you obtain permission you will be shown, among other relics, the honorary gold crown of Benito Juárez, the great Emancipator and President. Set with a huge emerald, rubies, and brilliants, it is a curious headpiece for the chief executive of a republic. Then there is the ponderous eight-inch gold medallion, encrusted with precious stones, given to Juárez in 1867 by Mexicans in California and Nevada; and the gold medal decorated with gems that was a gift of his native state of Oaxaca.

Every day, except Sundays and holidays, some two to four thousand people line up at the various appraisers'



*Thousands line up daily for pledge appraisal, then move to rear for money*

## SHOP

windows of the National Pawnshop to surrender their belongings. The fine baroque structure where this activity is carried on was built on the site of the conquistador Cortés' Mexico City home, at the corner of Avenida del Cinco de Mayo and Calle del Monte de Piedad.

One of the reasons why the National Pawnshop is held in such high esteem by Mexicans of all classes is its policy of charging lower interest than the commercial pawnbrokers. Until recently, the rate was 6 per cent per annum on articles valued at ten pesos (approximately \$1.15) or less. However, due to rising business costs and the devaluation of the peso, the rate on all pledges has been reset at 2 per cent per month. This is indeed in shining contrast to the old days when certain pawnshops, closed years ago by the government, unmercifully exacted their pound of flesh, and more. They demanded, and got, 6 per cent the first month, 12 per cent the second, until the usury pyramided to 24 per cent the

fourth month. Then if the luckless borrower didn't redeem, say, his pawned shirt, he lost it. The National Pawnshop customer is decidedly better off. He may keep his article in hock indefinitely by renewing the contract every four months and paying interest. In the event interest is not paid when due, his item is put on sale in one of the institution's salesrooms. If sold within six months, the amount owing is deducted and the owner receives the balance of the proceeds. If unsold, it is auctioned off, and the owner reimbursed as in the former case. Fair enough!

As you wander around the different salesrooms you get the impression the massive edifice is an art museum and a department store rolled into one. The range of articles on which loans are made easily equals the huge listings in a Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog. If anything, the offerings in the pawnshop salesrooms outstrip the mail-order houses in variety, certainly in strangeness.

If you want to swap some of your hard-earned money for a diamond or other such trifle in one of the jewelry rooms, rest assured that its authenticity has been tested by one or more experts in the gemology laboratory, the most elaborate and extensive in Latin America.

You will need special permission to gain admittance to the cavernous third floor. There you will see the storerooms where pledges are kept awaiting the day of redemption. Here they lie by the hundreds of thousands, ticketed, arranged by the month when they are to be redeemed—if they are redeemed—systematically displayed by type and number so they can be rapidly located.

The Antique Shop reflects in miniature the bygone world of Mexico, when the toil of hundreds of thousands of Indians enabled the big landowners to live in elegant leisure. One sees a Carrara marble fireplace dating from the French Revolution; a fine seventeenth-century painting of a Madonna and Child; a beautifully carved and painted wooden figure of St. Anthony, the work of Guatemalan Indians in the sixteenth century. You may be surprised when told that many of the excellently carved saints' figures, the Virgin Mary, the Christ child, and other religious subjects were done by Indian craftsmen. From homes of upper-class Mexicans, down on their luck, come these and other fascinating heirlooms.

Tens of thousands of volumes stock the Book Shop. Half a dozen salesrooms contain living room, bedroom, and kitchen furniture. Two more are stacked with office furnishings. In others are shelf on shelf of precision, surgical, and musical instruments. The farmer is offered agricultural equipment; the machinist, a multiplicity of power tools of every description; the motorist, a used car.

A tourist, dazed by the myriad objects on display, wondered if caskets were also for sale. The attendant grinned. "I think that's about the only article we don't carry."

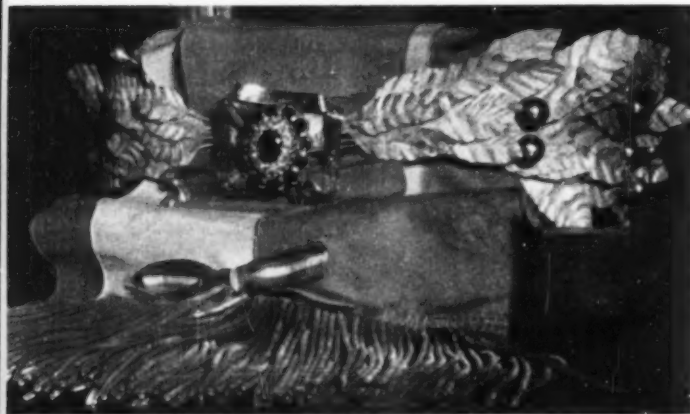
Not overlooking any opportunity to make an honest peso, the National Pawnshop also does a brisk banking business. Heavy traffic swirls in and out of the lending department. There are nine branches in Mexico City and six out of town, but the center of activity is, of



*In Antique Shop old French, Spanish, and Mexican Indian art objects are sold, along with more modern pieces*

course, in the block-long main building.

In keeping with the fine old Mexican tradition of courtesy and evincing an up-to-the-minute knowledge of business psychology, the management has thoughtfully



*Gold laurel leaves embellished with precious stones form crown given to Benito Juárez, which reposes here on Mexican flag*

provided a complaint office for the patron who wants to register disapproval of a fancied or real lack of service. The right of the customer to a square deal seems to be firmly cemented in the structure of National Pawnshop policy. To protect the building against fire, shoplifters, and burglars, armed guards circulate unobtrusively among the crowds in the salesrooms, to be replaced by others after business hours.

In scrupulous observance of the wishes of Don Pedro de Terreros that "there must always be a Terreros as one of the three members of the Board of Directors," a

Terreros has served in this capacity for almost two centuries. The present family Board member, Manuel Romero de Terreros, has written an interesting biography of his famous ancestor. He relates that Don Pedro was an original character in an age that produced an uncommonly large crop of unconventional personalities. Born in Cartagena, Spain, in 1710, he came to Mexico as a youth to make his fortune. Young Pedro became a muleteer, one of an army of those hardy *arrieros* who drove the beasts that patiently hauled the silver, merchandise, and agricultural products of New Spain across its lonely stretches. But keeping his dream of riches firmly in mind, the ambitious young man finally realized it at Pachuca, where he discovered and worked fabulously rich silver mines. With meteoric swiftness he rose to become one of Mexico's wealthiest tycoons.

His wealth may be adduced from his trifling gift to the Spanish Navy of a fully equipped warship, built of costly mahogany and carrying 112 heavy guns; his generosity, from the stream of gifts to monasteries and convents and for other charitable purposes.

Don Pedro's idea in establishing the National Pawnshop (the name *Nacional Monte de Piedad* means National Mount of Pity) was to give the poor a lift by lending money at merely nominal interest. Generosity, faithfulness to friends, and other sparkling facets of his character dance across a profusion of anecdotes handed down from generation to generation. For example, every year Don Pedro made a gift of a thousand pesos to the Carmelite monastery in Mexico City, usually on January first. One year, toward the end of December, he begged the Father Superior to admit his protégé, a young Mexican of mixed blood, as a lay brother. The prelate looked perplexed. He started to speak, then thought



better of it. He left, promising to do what he could, while Don Pedro wondered at his troubled countenance.

Several days later the Father Superior returned. With an apologetic prologue, he explained to Don Pedro that he had been unsuccessful. Don Pedro looked at him in silence, waited with ill-concealed impatience for the details.

The other members of the monastery, the priest informed him with a sigh, had unanimously rejected his protégé.

"Why?" demanded Don Pedro, his face turning red.

"Because he isn't a Spaniard."

"I see," Don Pedro mumbled, stupefied at this affront. Weren't all human beings equal before God? A Spaniard himself, he took the refusal as a personal insult, and with a hostile gleam in his eye, coldly bade the priest good day.

On the first of January the Father Superior came to receive the accustomed gift. Don Pedro courteously inquired after his health. Then, pointing to a chair, he said, "Be so good, your Reverence, as to sit down and relax." His Reverence sat, but he didn't relax. He was keyed up in expectation of the usual generous bounty.

From a box fashioned of silver that came from one of his mines, Don Pedro offered his visitor a pinch of snuff and listened patiently to a lengthy recital of the things the monastery direly needed. When the clergyman finished, Don Pedro, smiling grimly, asked him to kindly step into his strong room. It was heaped high with bags of silver, a thousand pesos in each.

"Your Reverence may choose whatever you wish," the host said. He paused, and the gratified prelate rubbed his hands, anticipation glistening in his eyes. "But first," went on Don Pedro in silky tones, "have the goodness to examine the coins closely, for, as nothing that is not Spanish may enter the monastery, if your Reverence

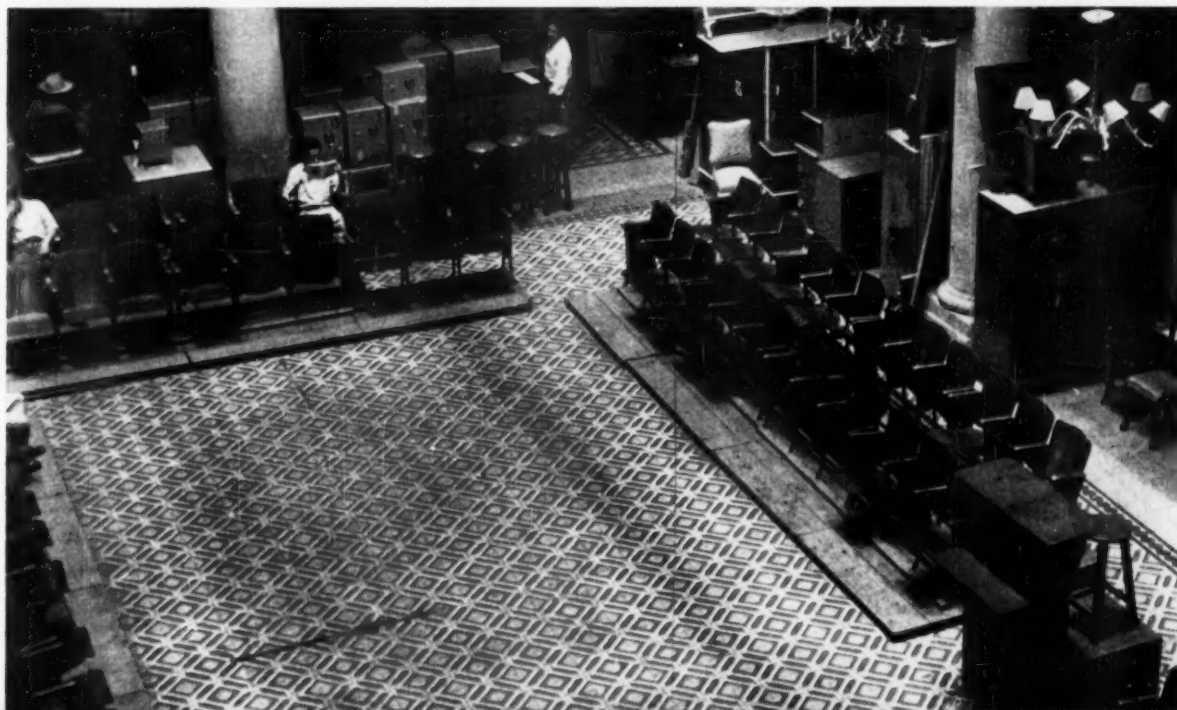
takes a bag of money made of Mexican silver, your brethren, as a matter of conscience, will refuse to accept it."

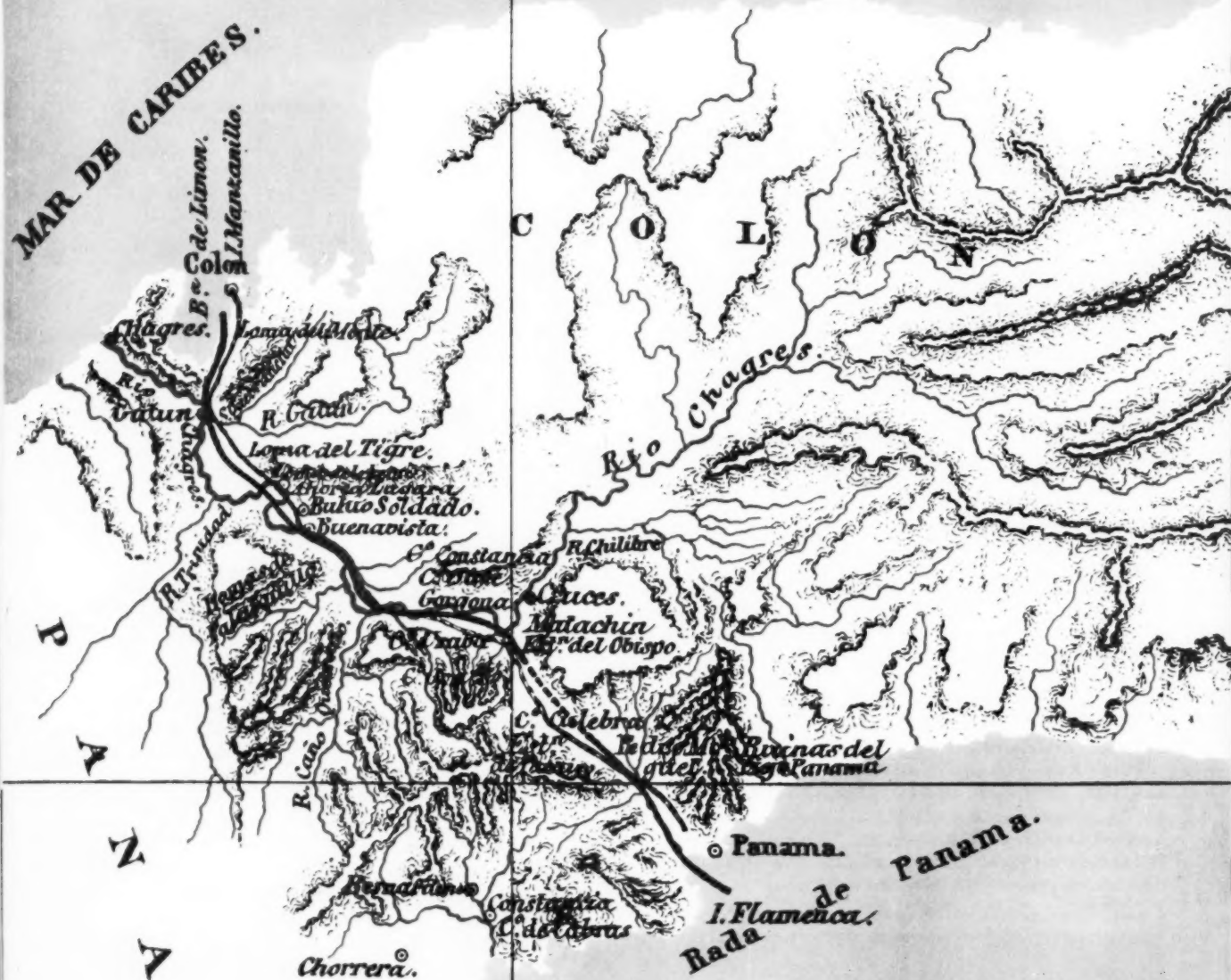
There is also the delectable story that, in gratitude to Charles III for conferring upon him the title of Count of Regla, Don Pedro invited the Spanish king to come and inspect his mines. He made His Majesty this novel proposition: that if he deigned to bestow so great a favor on his humble subject, the royal feet would not once have to touch the base soil of New Spain. Wherever his Majesty alighted from a coach, he would tread a pavement of silver. Whatever room he occupied would be lined with the precious metal. Regrettably Charles III failed to avail himself of the grandiose offer of the former muleteer turned nobleman.

Today, in the munificent tradition of its founder, the National Pawnshop makes numerous contributions to the public welfare. It donates twenty-four thousand pesos annually to the Children's Hospital; maintains the Agustín García School, where two hundred and fifty girls receive an education plus medical attention; gives substantial gifts to many social service organizations; makes presents to thousands of poor school children at Christmas time. To the Beistegui Hospital it has donated a completely equipped surgery; to the country, fifty thousand pesos toward the building of public schools. When a favorable opportunity arises, it performs such services as buying up a thousand sewing machines and reselling them at cost to poor families. For its employees it has established scholarships to enrich their general knowledge. It provides free life insurance and free medical and dental care for them and their families and maintains a grocery in one of its branches where they can buy at cost.

So it is that a huge army of Mexicans affirms that this 179-year-old pawnshop has a conscience. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Unsold articles are auctioned off in this room adjoining furniture salesroom. Amount owing is deducted and owner receives balance*





*in the wake of the*  
**CHAGRES**

## The river that linked the oceans

## Angel Rubio

WHEN YOU DELVE into the history of a region, look for the river. As Willis Abbot once said: "Every land comes to be judged largely by its rivers. Speak of Egypt and you think of the Nile; India suggests the Ganges; England the Thames; and France the Seine." In the case of the Isthmus of Panama, you must look and look again, for the river is small. But look for the Chagres.

From beginning to end the Chagres measures less than 125 miles, and its waters flow from a basin so small that Los Angeles and Buenos Aires could not fit into it side by side. Only large-scale maps reveal its frequent curves or even allow space for the name. Today the traveler who crosses the Panama Canal by ship is hardly aware of the river, even though he is borne on waters pouring from its diminutive basin. For modern man, with his technical aptitude and awesome machinery, has used to best advantage all the benefits of the modest Chagres, so that today the old river is clad in new attire.

When I first became fully aware of the change that had been wrought, I began to feel profound interest in the Chagres in its natural state. Ancient chronicles, travelers' anecdotes, stories about the railroad, the drama-packed history of the Canal, and ingenuous maps of other times revealed the old Chagres in the authentic garb of a real river.

In 1502 Columbus saw the mouth of the Chagres, and later, in 1510, Lope de Olano baptized it Río de los Lagartos, for the fearful crocodiles living in its mouth and lower section. Later, according to Alcedo y Herrera, they named it the Chagres for an Indian chief of the early sixteenth century.

Today the old river port of Cruces no longer exists, having been swallowed up by Lake Gatún. But its famous site lies near its successor, Gamboa, the Canal town that

keeps vigil over the Culebra Cut. Cruces, also known as Venta Cruz, San Francisco de las Cruces, or Desembarcadero de Cruces, was a simple little hamlet of thatched huts at the foot of Cerro Rico, a moderate-sized hill, in a mountain-ringed valley. It had a modest church and about forty dwellings, but it is said that it also had a Customs House and warehouses sometimes filled with precious cargoes by the merchants of the seventeenth century. Near the town the river was deep, affording a suitable landing place. Cruces was the starting point for navigation, in *cayucos* or *bongos*. Also, a road built about 1530 united the port with the nearby city of Panama. Traces of this eighteen-mile mule trail still remain, corroded and crumpled by the disrespectful forest. From Cruces to the mouth of the Chagres was about forty-six miles, and the river was especially propitious for travel and transit during the rainy season, when it was swollen by the abundant runoff. But during the dry season, from January through April, navigation was difficult if not impossible.

From the sixteenth through the first half of the nineteenth century Panama had three principal ports of entry from the sea: the risky, open-sea anchorage at Nombre de Dios; the beautiful Bay of Portobelo; and the Bocas del Chagres, nerve center of early crossings of the Isthmus of Panama. Near the mouth of the river there were small villages that took in the arriving travelers. Crossing the river at this dangerous point in *cayucos* or *piraguas* cost many lives. On the eastern side there was a promontory crowned by a flat-topped hill where Spanish strategists mounted one of the main strongholds for the defense of the Isthmus: the Fort of San Lorenzo of the Chagres.

Travelers' stories of trips up the old Chagres abound.

*Savage jungle was formidable barrier along banks of Chagres before its waters were restrained for building Panama Canal*





Many are frightening. They say that after the railroad from Colón to Panama City was finished and in running order, large printed announcements in New York and New Orleans, intended to inspire confidence in West-bound travelers, advertised the fact that it was no longer necessary to go by way of the Chagres River. In 1914 Willis Abbot wrote that "I know of no spot, easy of access, on the Isthmus where an idea of the beauty and the terror of the jungle can be better gained than on the lower Chagres."

This is the way Armand Reclus described it:

The deep, calm current in the places the natives call *calles*, where the river runs straight, is interrupted by sharp curves where the waters become turbulent, just as when the current flows around the little islands. . . . At the very foot of those curves . . . are violent whirlpools where tree trunks and branches float . . . [and where] crocodiles nest. . . . Going up the calm stretches of the river we used oars . . . and when the current became more rapid and violent, sharp pointed poles. Naturally, our progress was slow, sometimes to the point of desperation. In spots the water ran so swiftly that we had to get out and drag the *piraguas* by hand, keeping as near as possible to the shore. Besides being exhausting, this is extremely hazardous. If, by any misstep or careless act, no matter how slight, the *piragua* swings crosswise, or if one gets into more than a foot of water, the river clutches tenaciously at the *piragua*, and the poor sailor who loses his footing never knows his fate. . . . What a horrible job to carry our *piragua* instead of having it carry us! But it was the only way; we had to get by those places . . . and on many occasions we had to try and try again to maneuver the boat around some of those fearful whirlpools.

Add to this endless other annoyances—the searing heat, mosquito bites galore, the depressing humidity,



Many spots of primitive beauty added hazards to navigation along history-laden river

the risk of malarial fevers (the much-feared Chagres fevers, as they were called around the middle of the nineteenth century), the high price of the trip, the occasional danger of robbery and assault, nights spent on some little beach, setting out at the crack of dawn, the scarcity of food, and you begin to understand why the poet James Gilbert, who made the trip—probably out of necessity and in a bad frame of mind—wrote these poetic insults about the river:

Beyond the Chagres River  
Are paths that lead to death—  
To the fever's deadly breezes,  
To malaria's poisonous breath!

And after several verses in the same general vein, he concludes:

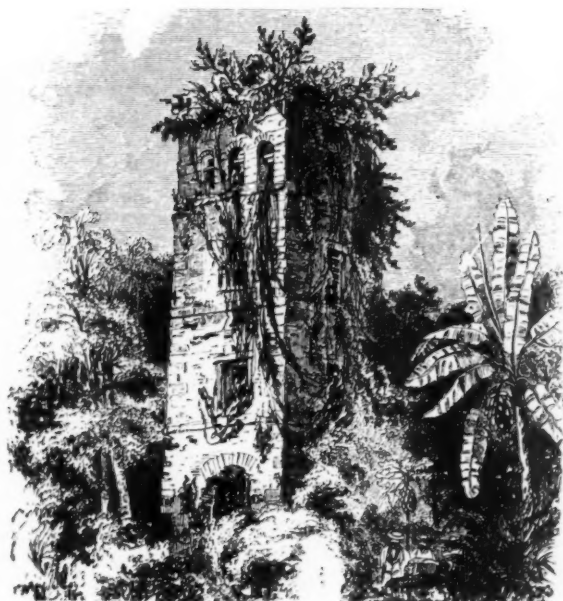
But 'tis my firm conviction,  
Whatever tales they tell,  
That beyond the Chagres River  
All paths lead straight to hell!

An obvious injustice, in spite of the very real dangers and inconveniences. Along this hazardous waterway passed Spanish goods to Peru, Peruvian gold and silver to Spain, conquistadors, settlers, missionaries, rebels, the colony's books, arms and farming equipment, ideas (even *Don Quijote*, just off the press in 1605), the avalanche of Europeans and Americans going after gold in California, and in more recent years the countless men, ideas, and materials that have traversed the Canal. Certainly these were not roads leading to hell, as Gilbert wrote in a moment of anger.

Ever since it became known that Panama was a narrow strip of land barely separating the two great oceans and the North from the South, the primary concern of the Spanish Crown was to establish two port cities and connect them with suitable roads. In 1519 Panama City was founded on the Pacific coast, after Diego de Albitez discovered a little dirt byway that could easily unite it with Nombre de Dios, on the Caribbean coast. Albitez was perhaps the first European to travel the Chagres route on foot. The road was built and soon became the renowned *Camino Real* (Royal Road), yet the search for new routes was not abandoned. Everyone was interested in finding new ways of cutting down on time, effort, and risks, of crossing fewer hills, forests, valleys, and swamps. In documents in the Archivo de Indias in Seville it is stated that the Ayuntamiento de Panamá itself (a Concejo Municipal with geographer's instincts) ordered the River Chagres to be explored, measured, and mapped. Hernando de la Serna and Pablo Corzo crossed the forests that separate the Panama coast from the Valley of the Chagres, and found a suitable location for loading and unloading ships. To relocate it easily, they marked many trees with crosses.

From there they traveled downstream, compass always at hand, following the *calles* and the winding bed, estimating distances and directions, sketching—all in suffocating heat or drenching rain and in the constant danger of getting lost in the marshes and swamps. Finally they arrived at the Bocas del Chagres, reversed their course, returned up the river until they found the crosses on the trees, and baptized the place Cruces or Venta Cruz.





*San Jerónimo, Spanish stronghold, fell to Henry Morgan's pirates in 1668 when they attacked treasure-line from Peru to Spain*

At about the same time Alvaro de Quijo was doing the same thing on the smaller Río Grande that flowed toward the Pacific from the Culebra Hills. Today this river has been retired, and its former bed lies in the neighborhood of the Canal, under Miraflores Locks.

After these two rivers had been mapped, a discussion that was to last for years was revived. Could they be joined? Was a canal feasible? These conversations and reflections began around 1534. Charles I of Spain, already Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire, ordered Pascual de Andagoya to study the possibility of uniting the oceans, making use of both the Chagres, navigable to Cruces, and the Río Grande, near Panama City. Andagoya pessimistically replied: "No prince in the world, however powerful, could accomplish the union of the two seas." In his opinion, it would be possible to maintain navigation of the Chagres and connect it with a land road to Panama City. One year later, Archbishop Tomás de Berlanga reported that he considered the Isthmus a world pivot, but that it would cost many lives to try and cut through the mountains to tie in the two rivers. Also, he advised that the northern terminal city (then Nombre de Dios) be moved to the mouth of the Chagres. Many years later Francisco López de Gómara, Chaplain to Cortez, wrote more optimistically to Philip II: "If there are mountains, there are also hands. Let but the resolve be made, and there will be no want of means. . . . To a King of Spain, with the wealth of the Indies at his command, what is possible is easy." Meanwhile, the route from Panama City to Cruces by land and from there to the Bocas del Chagres by water was in operation. Clearly the Canal was not yet conceived, but our river's destiny had been prophesied.

Peru had been conquered, and gold and silver ex-

tracted in fabulous quantities from its metallic entrails. The treasure had to be brought to Panama, transported across the Isthmus, loaded on ships waiting in Nombre de Dios (or in Portobelo), and then cross the ocean to Seville. It was a much-used commercial and political route. But Spain, the heart of the undertaking, had many enemies, some of whom realized that here was a jugular vein flowing with precious materials. Obviously, it was highly vulnerable because of its shape and could be attacked from either north or south. The pirates began their continuous hacking at this lifeline. Sir Francis Drake opened a violent attack on Nombre de Dios and effected a landing in the Gulf of San Blas. In 1573 they struck a blow that could well have been fatal. Drake's men penetrated inland to Cruces, where they burned the important center and captured a load of treasure. Twenty-six years later, the same Drake captured Nombre de Dios, attacked the Bocas del Chagres, and ordered Thomas Baskerville to advance up the Chagres toward Panama City.

The Spanish Crown responded by sending Field Marshall Juan de Texeda and military engineer Juan Bautista Antonelli to organize the defenses of the Isthmus. Strongholds and forts were constructed—among others, San Felipe Todo Fierro at the entrance of Portobelo Bay and San Lorenzo del Chagres to keep vigil over the mouth of the river.

A lively drama ensued, with the two protagonists in constant combat: the Peru-Panama-Spain line with its continuous flow of gold, silver, and other materials versus the pirates, repeatedly harassing Portobelo, attacking San Lorenzo, and brazenly crossing the Isthmus by little-frequented paths. The names of the principal characters changed from time to time; the arms and tactics varied somewhat; but the plot and scenery remained the same. Portobelo, San Lorenzo, Cruces, the Chagres. Even Panama City. The duel went on as long as the flow of precious materials and the renowned Portobelo Fairs continued. Panama enjoyed the fame of wealth, which constantly whetted piracy's voracious appetite.

The drama reached its climax when courageous and wily Henry Morgan began to harass the Caribbean shores. In 1668 he attacked Portobelo, and its San Jerónimo and Santiago forts fell. Terror spread through Panama. The defenses—San Lorenzo del Chagres among them—were reinforced. But Morgan, spurred on by grim determination, arrived on the Caribbean shores with thirty-seven ships and thousands of light arms, slaves, and vigorous fighting men. In January 1671 the waters of the Chagres were low and the garrisons ill-provided. To get to Panama City, Morgan had to conquer the fort guarding the entrance. Boldly, one of Morgan's captains in charge of the operation, quietly mounted the promontory and began the attack by land, a typical English tactic. Day was dawning. The defense was fiery. Attacks and counter-attacks ensued. Then something that might have happened in the movies turned the tide for Morgan. It is said that an Englishman who had been struck by a Spanish arrow wrapped it in a piece of his shirt and

*(Continued on page 30)*

# São Paulo

## ART CENTER

**The progressive Museum of Art  
believes in being practical**

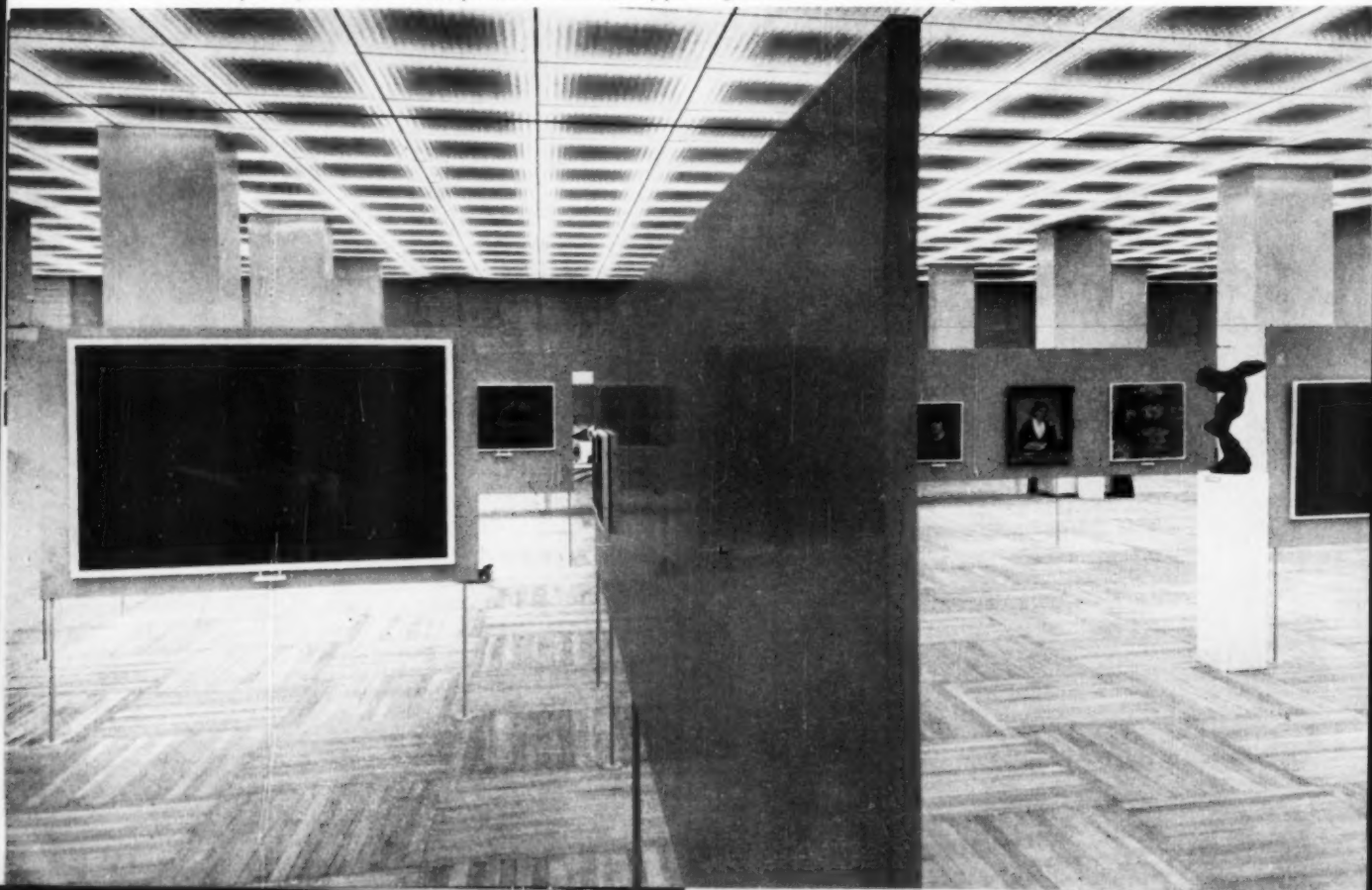
Florentino Barbosa e Silva

ART IS AS NECESSARY to man's daily life as the bread he eats. At least that is the opinion of the founders of the Museum of Art in São Paulo, Brazil's booming industrial capital. Established in 1947 by newspaper publisher-politician Assis Chateaubriand, the late São Paulo banker and engineer Samuel Ribeiro, and a group of other art lovers, the museum has played an active and very practical role in the community's intellectual life and growth.

This lively institution is really more a school than a museum, boasting an enrollment of over a thousand children and adults in its various courses. While other local museums offer art appreciation courses—like the Museum of Modern Art in the same building—the Museum of Art alone gives many of its adult students professional training.

The very breadth of the art collection around which the Museum of Art was built had a definite educational purpose: to show that man is not an isolated being, that no generation can live strictly in the present, ignoring the legacy of all past civilizations. From the beginning the permanent exhibits, donated by private citizens, have embraced works by both Brazilian and foreign artists of all periods and schools, presenting a wide panorama of world art. Continuing acquisitions have brought the museum representative works of Titian, Tintoretto, Botticelli, El Greco, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Frans Hals, the French impressionists, and such notable Brazilians as

*Masterpieces from the museum's permanent collection of paintings are now on tour in Europe*





*Wooden statue by  
unknown artist of  
Brazilian origin*

Benedicto Calixto, Pedro Américo, and Vitor Meireles, of the old school, and contemporaries like Lasar Segall, Emiliano Di Cavalcanti, Cândido Portinari, and Anita Malfatti. Masterpieces from its collection have recently been touring Europe, scoring a big success in Paris, Brussels, Utrecht, Bern, and London.



*Setting up exhibition of pictures and plans by French architect Le Corbusier*

Dynamic Professor P. M. Bardi of Italy, a distinguished critic and one of the world's best restorers of old paintings, was invited at the very beginning to organize and direct the museum. Leaving a similar position at the Rome Art Gallery, he went to work with a vigor that is reflected in the São Paulo art center's rapid growth. It now occupies four stories in a modern downtown building, with almost four thousand square yards of floor space in exhibit halls, motion picture and lecture auditoriums, classrooms, concert rooms, offices, and workshops. Readers can easily and comfortably consult the books in its well-catalogued art library. It produces in its own laboratories all the photographs, films, publicity, and training materials it needs.

*Private citizens donated the museum's permanent collection, which embraces all periods and schools of both Brazilian and foreign art*





*Special instruction in many branches of art is provided for youngsters like this boy studying a stained glass window plan*



*Budding muralists express themselves under the tutelage of the Children's Art School*



*Beginners' class in sculpture studies Renoir's Venus Victorieuse. Many professional courses are available*

*Pupils of the Children's Ballet School limber up before class*



Originally financed by Chateaubriand's newspaper chain, *Diários Associados*, the museum outgrew its funds and had to seek official help, which was granted by the São Paulo city government in 1953. To make possible still further expansion it has recently launched a campaign to win the support of contributing members.

Activities really started humming in 1943, when the museum built an exhibit around the history of art. Eighty-four panels of photographs and reproductions traced the story from pre-historic cave art to the most recent expressive trends, concisely explained in accompanying texts. The panels are still used by students today. Attendance at that first show was encouraging, and young apprentice draftsmen began to bombard Director Bardi with requests for permission to copy the objects and paintings in the collection. The museum not only welcomed the students but provided them with a skilled teacher to help out with suggestions. This led to drawing courses for beginners, with no immediate professional aims, in which drawing is taught from the most basic principles down to the refinements of portraying the human figure in life class. Students usually sit in on

these sessions for as long as six months to a year.

The museum's next special exhibit was one of chairs, illustrating the evolution of furniture styles.

Then it turned its attention to an art that plays a big part in everyday life, sponsoring amateur motion picture club activities. In 1943 Charlie Chaplin's best films were shown in the "Carlitos" Festival, held in collaboration with the then active Film Study Center. The following year the first Motion Picture Seminar was held and discussed the organization of a movie-making course, based on courses given in other countries but adapted to local needs. That program has since been successfully carried out. Several films have already been produced by the students and one, *Os Tiranos* (The Tyrants), based on a painting by the sixteenth-century French artist Antoine Caron, won honorable mention in a state-wide contest. Most Brazilian movie producers give preference to young men and women who have completed the museum's movie course.

In 1950 a school of advertising was added in an attempt to raise the artistic level of Brazilian advertising. The museum has tried to familiarize its students with





*Children's Symphony Orchestra, seen here at rehearsal, is another museum project*

U.S. and European techniques while emphasizing a truly Brazilian formula, and the best technicians were invited to make up the faculty. Out of three hundred and seventy-five candidates for the first class, only fifty-seven passed the stiff entrance examination; students' ages ranged from nineteen to fifty. Outside of its regular classes, the advertising school holds seminars, lectures, and round-table discussions. At such gatherings paper manufacturers, printshop managers, radio and television station directors explain their role in the art of advertising.

Despite the wide use of advertising in Brazil, the public was unfamiliar with what goes into it, so the following year the museum decided to present the First National Advertising Exhibit, showing a series of publication ads, posters, containers, and other advertising material made in Brazil over the past several years, along with a collection of Toulouse-Lautrec posters.

Also in 1951 the museum decided to group its clearly practical teaching activities separately, to distinguish them from the exhibits of a purely esthetic character. The courses were therefore centralized in an Institute of Contemporary Art. New, advanced drawing courses were launched to prepare young people for work in the industrial arts. The museum hoped to teach them to design objects in good taste and produce rational forms fitting today's mechanical progress and way of thinking; to make them conscious of function and counteract the easy, and self-defeating imitation of outdated styles or amateur decorating; and finally, to emphasize the social significance of the applied arts.

Fashion has also had its day at the museum. Three years ago dresses from the *Union Française des Arts du Costume* and Christian Dior's 1951 collection were modeled, along with Salvador Dali's famed preview of the styles of 2045. Some of the dresses shown were later donated to the museum's fashion collection.

The enthusiasm engendered among the spectators and professional designers by this venture suggested the possibility of fashions inspired by the Brazilian scene. The results of an experiment in which only Brazilian textiles and designs were used were presented in still another fashion show in 1952 (see *AMERICAS*, November 1952).

Nor are the youngsters forgotten by the museum. In the Children's Ballet School girls from five to twelve learn the fundamentals of the dance. Those showing particular aptitude have been encouraged to become professional performers.

To put the child in contact with problems of line, form, and color, to stimulate his imagination and develop his taste, the museum has created the Children's Art School. This department has been pointed out as a model by many foreign publications, and São Paulo public school authorities are following its example in their own art courses in elementary schools. The idea is to strike a happy medium between complete freedom of expression and the teaching of the rudiments of art so the child himself may find the best solutions to his problems of self-expression. In the musical field, there is a children's symphony orchestra, and music and instrument classes are offered by an excellent faculty of musicians.

Among former museum students who have distinguished themselves as painters are abstractionists Geraldo de Barros and Alexandre Wollner. Both won awards at the recent Second Art Biennial organized by the São Paulo Museum of Modern Art, and have garnered other prizes as well. Recent one-man shows of contemporary artists sponsored by the museum include, among others, the work of Brazilian painter Lasar Segall, landscape architect Roberto Burle Marx, and the U.S. cartoonist Saul Steinberg.

Energetic Professor Bardi continues to be the moving spirit behind the Museum of Art. Bardi, a middle-aged, balding man of medium height, is self-taught, but he knows as much about art as it is possible to learn in several years of study in the best European schools. His drive and working capacity are extraordinary. For one entire year, for example, he turned out single-handed the luxurious art magazine *Habitat*, of which he is the editor, without neglecting his duties as director of the museum and professor in many of its courses. With amazing versatility he has lectured on art, motion pictures, fashions, the graphic arts, architecture, history, and so on. One of his two chief assistants is young Flávio Motta, secretary of the museum since its founding, who has organized many of its courses and exhibits, contributes to *Habitat*, and still finds time to teach the history of art in another school and write for several São Paulo newspapers. The other assistant, Luiz Sadaki Hossaka, is only twenty-three and started out by taking one of the museum's Institute of Contemporary Art courses.

True, the museum still cannot pay its own way. Nevertheless, it is eloquent evidence of what can be done through persistence, hard work, and intelligence to make art, in its many manifestations, an integral part of the life of a city that has come of age. ♦ ♦ ♦

# Bolivia's

## GREAT SALT LAKE

THE VAST, high, almost level plain that is the *altiplano* of Bolivia and Peru is composed of gravels and other sediments washed down by the rains of ages from the Andean heights on either side, filling the valley between. At various periods these sediments were tilted, eroded,

and shifted southward, and the depressions refilled. During the main glacial period, the world's whole climate was much wetter than it has ever been since, and the streams pouring down from the snowfields and ice-fronts maintained great lakes on the high inter-mountain plateau. Today's big Lake Titicaca is only a fragment of its former self—to which geologists have given the name Lake Ballivián. Farther south, we can see the shorelines of another lake left high and dry—Lake Minchin (named for its discoverer), which reached for some 250 miles from a point north of Oruro southeastward beyond Ollagüe, just over the border in Chile. Since the last retreat of the glaciers, these large bodies of water have been constantly shrinking, because of the decreased flow into them and the heavy evaporation in an arid climate. During part of the time the process may have been speeded for Lake Minchin by a temporary river outlet to the Pacific.

Into the trapped waters of the lakes had come the salts dissolved by the streams from the mineral-rich rocks. Others were carried upward by water rising through the ground. Today a constant flow of water pours into Lake Titicaca and leaves by the Desaguadero River, maintaining the lake's freshness. Lake Poopó, into which the Desaguadero empties, is salty, and has an overflow outlet to the Salar de Coipasa. But most of the receding waters of old Lake Minchin settled in the lowest part of its basin, in the South, evaporating to form the salt beds of the Salar de Uyuni and adjacent stretches.

This weird and lonely salt flat, or lake, stands at an altitude of 12,000 feet. At their greatest extent, the waters of Lake Minchin lapped the shore nearly 250 feet above. Ninety miles long and in some places seventy-five miles wide, the Salar has an area of about 2,575 square miles. From the south, it receives a dribble of fresh water via the Río Grande de Lípez. The center of the field is covered with concentrated salts, mostly of the table variety, while the edges consist of a salty mud that makes access difficult, with ponds in some places. Here and there volcanic islets rise above the plain. During the rainy season, from December through March, although precipitation here is light, the salt bed becomes a shallow lake again, drying up once more in April and May.

In the dry season, trucks and llamas cross the basin in all directions from several villages around the edges. The local Indians are licensed to chop the salt, and they take it on llamaback to stores and marketplaces throughout the country. Insignificant as their output is from the standpoint of world production, it is enough to meet local needs.

Holes have never been drilled into the lake-bottom deposits, and no one knows how thick the salt is, the nature of the underlying sediments, or the chemical composition of the nearby brines and salt pits. But all this fantastic geography lies within sight of the traveler on the Antofagasta-La Paz railroad or the line from Argentina that joins it at Uyuni, as he rides through the barren land of Bolivia's main tin- and mineral-producing zone.—George C. Compton

Map shows present salt flats and lakes and extent of vast lakes that covered much of Bolivian plateau in glacial times





*Chopping salt at dusk on the Salar de Uyuni—a salt flat when dry, a lake in rainy season. Ground water shows as blocks are removed*

*Herding sheep across the tracks on edge of the salt flat. Railroad through wasteland is outlet for country's tin, minerals*







*Piles of freshly chopped salt on the site. Shoreline of former great lake can be traced on distant mountains*

*Plain chunks of salt like these are sold in markets all over Bolivia. To please city-dwellers' tastes, it is slightly refined*





## ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT (Continued from page 2)

controls when demand was heavy and supply still small. Hence Latin America wants to work out a mechanism that would establish some basic relation between the prices of its export products and those it imports. In other words, it wants to stabilize the terms of trade.

Statements of some U. S. policymakers indicate that the United States believes that as a general rule it is preferable to avoid agreements that would interfere with the free play of supply and demand in the world market. Nevertheless, because of the relative success of present international agreements on sugar, wheat, and so on, as well as the existence of the system of government-supported minimum farm prices, the United States might favor studies looking toward eventual price stabilization of some Latin American export products that have recently undergone violent fluctuations. Its attitude, in any case, will of course be contingent upon the domestic economic situation.

Again, there is the serious question of raw material surpluses. The United States is spending more than \$700,000 a day just to store its monumental agricultural surpluses. Latin American countries producing the same crops—cotton, dairy products, grain, wool, and so on—naturally view with alarm any possibility of the United States' selling its surplus stocks at prices below those of the world market, whether to solve its domestic problem or to help countries suffering from shortages of these commodities. When President Eisenhower launched the United States' three-year surplus sales program on September 9, he gave assurances that this country had no intention of pursuing a reckless selling policy abroad and emphasized that the liquidation

of surpluses would be "orderly and gradual." Under a 1954 law, the commodities will be sold overseas for local currencies. The Latin American countries will watch with interest to see how the United States meets this challenge.

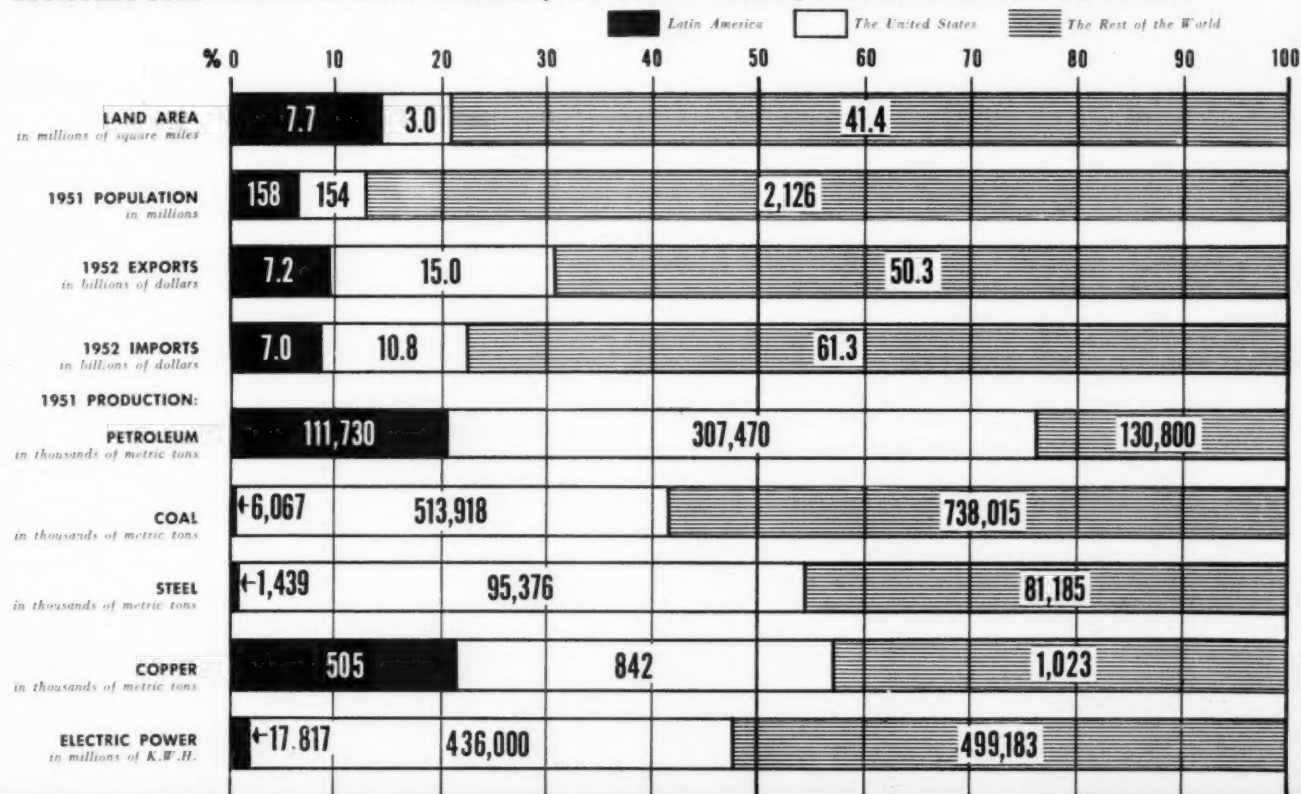
### Economic Development

In the field of economic development, the meeting will consider measures to facilitate planning and stimulate economic growth through regional cooperation and coordination. It will also discuss the basic problems of financing development through international cooperation. The recent increase in the capitalization of the Export-Import Bank and the various proposals that have been made for creating international investment and credit corporations—undoubtedly due to come up again at this session—lend special interest to this point.

Expansion and improvement of transportation services and studies of freight rates will be the central topics under point three. This has a direct bearing on Latin America's economic development, since in general it is a region marked by vast distances and served by small, antiquated communication networks, generally costly to maintain.

In short, there is so much at stake in this meeting that it should be one of the best indicators yet of things to come in a hemisphere that is growing, economically, almost as fast as its problems. Rhetorical agreements, vague obligations, or academic postures no longer serve. Latin America, like the United States, is searching for a higher standard of living, achieved through reasonable and logical industrialization, international trade developed and maintained at an increasing rate, and rational, consistent exploitation of its natural resources. ♦ ♦ ♦

## ECONOMIC COMPARISON OF LATIN AMERICA, THE UNITED STATES, AND THE REST OF THE WORLD



a word with the

# Hawkeye Four

*¿Cuanto le gusta, le gusta, le gusta, le gusta  
le gusta, le gusta, le gusta?  
¿Cuanto le gusta, le gusta, le gusta, le gusta  
le gusta, le gusta, le gusta?*

We've gotta get goin'  
Where we're goin'  
And what're we gonna do?  
We're on our way to somewhere,  
The three of us and you.

What'll we see there?  
Who'll be there?  
What'll be the big surprise?

There may be señoritas  
With dark and flashing eyes. . . .\*

THE WORDS of the song floated in perfect harmony through the open windows of the office of AMERICAS borne on a soft summer breeze. Source of the music was the Hawkeye Four of Des Moines, Iowa, a genial quartet composed of Robert Langerak, Robert Boudewyns, Fred Owens, and Jerry Pike. They had gathered in the driveway below to tune up for the contest sponsored by the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America at its sixteenth annual international convention, then in progress at Constitution Hall across the street. Washington residents had waked up a few mornings earlier to find their lampposts decorated as barber poles and bearing signs printed in the style of the 1890's. For three days, the tree-lined avenues resounded with melody. Groups walking along the streets, shopping in stores, standing in cafeteria lines would suddenly strike a pitch, then burst into song. There was a general air of good fellowship and harmony too seldom found in the heated political precincts of the nation's capital.

Responding to our invitation to come in, the Hawkeye Four moved, humming, toward our front door. "Keep on pitch, boys," said Mr. Langerak, who seemed to be spokesman for the group. He introduced himself as a high school principal, Messrs. Boudewyns and Owens as bankers, and Mr. Pike as a paper company employee.

We learned that once each year SPEBSQSA members meet in a different city to select the finest quartet and chorus among them. "No group can win twice, so new talent is constantly given a chance," Mr. Boudewyns pointed out. "We're judged on harmony accuracy, voice expression, musical arrangement, balance and blend, and stage presence," added Mr. Owens. During the contest, the quartets wear clothes as distinctive as the names they give themselves. For example, the Hawkeye Four wore natty dark blue blazers and gray flannels; the Agriculturists of Janesville, Wisconsin, were attired in farmers' overalls, loud red shirts, and straw hats; the Potomac Clippers of Washington, D.C., were in yachting caps and jackets and white trousers. Some of the more interesting names included the Pitch-Blendaires, Atomic Bums, Clef Chefs, Note Crackers, Four-in-a-Chord, and the Four Hearsemen. They came from San José, California; El Paso, Texas; Miami, Florida; Yakima, Washington; London, Ontario; and elsewhere.

"When we aren't performing officially," said Mr. Pike, "we break up and sing with members of another quartet. Maybe one of us would team with a Kord King, Orphan, and Chicagoan. We hold impromptu jam sessions in hotel rooms that go on until the wee-small hours of the morning. We're careful not to disturb others, though. The hotels usually give us isolated quarters."

"Do you ever sing professionally and for money?" we asked.

"All SPEBSQSA members consider themselves amateurs," Mr. Boudewyns replied. "We sometimes manage to entertain for money, though. Not large sums, to be sure, but enough to pay for expenses, transportation, and clothes."

"How is barbershop singing different from any other singing?"

"Well," said Mr. Owens, "many people just call it their favorite music, but the SPEBSQSA appointed a special committee that has come up with a definition. They say that barbershop harmony is 'produced by four voices (tenor, lead, baritone, and bass) unaccompanied—when the melody is consistently sung below the tenor, when rules of time, expression, and word theme are sacrificed to obtain blending harmony satisfaction, usually with at least one harmonized chord on each melody note.'"

"We'll have to think that one over," we said.

"Let us know if you can simplify it and include everything. We realize it's complicated, but we're open to suggestion," replied Mr. Owens.

"No one knows exactly when this kind of singing began," added Mr. Pike, "but Samuel Pepys, who wrote the famous diary, mentioned it as far back as the early seventeenth century. In the public mind, it is most familiarly associated with the gaslight era of shaving mugs and moustache cups. You know—when men wore high-button shoes, the ladies, bustles, and they rode bicycles built for two."

In answer to our query as to how the Society got its start, Mr. Langerak explained that in 1938 two

(Continued on page 39)

\* Song *Cuanto le gusta*, copyright 1948, Peer International Corporation (Used by permission).

# oas

## FOTO FLASHES



**Upon taking office** as OAS Secretary General, Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile (right) paused to chat with U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs Henry F. Holland (left) and OAS Council Chairman Héctor David Castro, Ambassador of El Salvador to the United States and the OAS. The occasion was marked by a special meeting of the OAS Council followed by a luncheon.



**Just before his retirement** as Secretary General of the OAS, Dr. Alberto Lleras was honored by a testimonial from the Inter-American Commission of Women, presented to him by Commission Chairman Mrs. María Concepción Leyes de Chaves of Paraguay. Looking on at the ceremony are (from left) Mrs. Anita Sandelmann; OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Mrs. Esther Neira de Calvo, Executive Secretary of the IACW; and Miss Gloriela Calvo, Panamanian delegate.



**Ecuador** became the seventeenth Hemisphere country to deposit its instrument of ratification of the convention on the regulation of inter-American automotive traffic when Dr. José R. Chiriboga, Ecuadorean Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, who is also Vice Chairman of the OAS Council, signed the necessary papers at the Pan American Union. The convention governs the procedures for auto travel between the various American republics. Looking on were (from left, seated): OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger and OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila. Standing (from left): Mr. Paul A. Colborn, Dr. Charles G. Fenwick, and Mr. Luis A. Reque, all of the PAU legal division; and Mr. Hugo Seifart of the PAU travel division.



**Representatives of each of the principal agencies of the inter-American system** met recently to plan the 1955 program of technical cooperation, the principal field activity of the OAS. Dr. Alberto Lleras presided for the last time over a meeting of the Coordinating Committee on Technical Assistance, with the new chairman, Secretary General Carlos Dávila, in attendance.

**OAS Ambassador Jacques François** of Haiti (second from left) and Mrs. François were on hand at the recent opening in the Pan American Union of the exhibition of paintings by their compatriot Antonio Joseph (left), attended also by Mr. De Witt Peters, Director of the Centre d'Art in Port-au-Prince, where the artist studied. One of the most promising of the young Haitian painters, Mr. Joseph has been studying and painting in the United States on a Guggenheim Fellowship. His PAU show was based largely on his impressions of New York City.





## IN THE WAKE OF THE CHAGRES

(Continued from page 19)

discharged it from his musket. The burning rag caught the straw roof on fire, and the flames spread rapidly. The Spaniards were trapped between two lines of fire, and at dusk everything was over, including the life of the fort's brave commanding officer. Once the fort had been remanned with Englishmen, Morgan and his group began the march up the Chagres. On to Panama City! On the second day they arrived in Cruz de Juan Gallego, and because the Spaniards had craftily destroyed all food supplies, were without anything to eat. Famished and exhausted, they went on for six days. On the seventh they were in Cruces and from there climbed into the Culebra Hills. On January 28 Panama City fell in flames. About a month later Morgan retraced his steps, but this time with 195 mules loaded with booty. The Spanish Crown shuddered as the pirate crew sailed for Jamaica. As a result of this episode, Panama City was moved to the skirts of the beautiful Ancón Hill, and its last and most costly fortification was raised.

The drama continued—the treasure-line versus the marauders—until the solid, decisive blows delivered by Admiral Vernon: the taking of Portobelo in 1739 and the fall of San Lorenzo the next year. In 1746, the route was abandoned, and Spanish galleons began to carry on trade with Peru by going around remote Cape Horn. Meanwhile, the Castle of San Lorenzo was rebuilt; today it still stands with moats, guard road, outside fortifications, armed courtyard, battlements and parapets, and, in thick underbrush, silent, corroded cannon.

On January 24, 1843, James Marshall discovered gold in the far-off hills of California. Rich and poor alike rose to the bait—the poor to get to California, and the rich to provide the transportation at fabulous sums. Maritime companies were formed to bring prospectors from New York, New Orleans, and Havana to the Chagres, and to take them, once across the Isthmus, from Panama City to San Francisco and Astoria in California and Oregon, respectively. Toward the end of 1843 the mouth of the Chagres again came alive with activity when the first load of passengers arrived on the *Falcon*. They landed and crossed the Bocas del Chagres, many perishing in the operation. They made a six-day trip up the river to Panama City, hungry, rain-drenched, bitten by mosquitos. They were haunted by the much-feared Chagres fevers. The roads to hell of which Gilbert wrote. Traveling by mule—if an animal were available at all—from Cruces to Panama City cost a lot of money. To add to the misery and turmoil, bands of robbers attacked the groups, assaulting passengers and stealing provisions. At times it cost as much as fifty dollars for a seat in a *piragua* to travel from the mouth of the river to Gorgona or Cruces. According to one story, a man paid two hundred dollars for two mules to take him from Cruces to Panama City. Yet the people kept swarming across by the thousands.

While this ambitious mob continued to flood the Isthmus, the city of Colón and the Panama Railroad, running from Colón to Panama City, came into being.



*Panama Railroad carried California-bound gold seekers across Isthmus by way of Chagres Valley*

It made a romantic pattern—songs in many tongues, laughter, tears, charms, and fevers. Dysentery, malaria, and widespread cholera. Roads to hell. In Cruces there were cabarets, champagne, women, wine, and money to burn.

Capitalism came to the rescue. In something like four years it built ports and extended the rail line between the new city of Colón (only two streets) and the old, bustling city of Panama. William H. Aspinwall and John L. Stephens got together a subscription of half a million dollars, and the Panama Railroad Company was born. The young engineers and contractors—George W. Hughes, George M. Totten, and John C. Trautwine—had no fear of forests, mosquitos, swamps, heat, crocodiles, or vampires. Once the iron rails were laid, operations began promptly. The first train crossed the Chagres on November 26, 1853. But the river was not dead. The basin, with its waterway, was temporarily passé, but the valley had yielded its land to the rails. The railroad wound from Colón to Monkey Hill, along the banks of Gatún on the Chagres, stopped in Mamei and Matachín, took a deep breath to scale the heights of Culebra, and tooted proudly on arriving in Panama City. But California's historic bedlam covered only a brief span of about twenty years. It came to an end—or, at least, the furor died down—when the first U.S. transcontinental



railroad, completed in 1869, paralyzed the Panama route.

The railroad through the Chagres Valley was a roaring financial success. In a single year its net profit was a neat six million dollars. A ticket cost about fifty cents in gold for each of its forty-seven miles; or seven dollars to transport one cow. The Chagres' true destiny, however, was the Canal between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The problem of finding adequate interoceanic communication finally came to a head toward the middle of the past century with the advent of the steamboat. First a series of geopolitical disturbances had to be settled through diplomatic channels by numerous treaties. There were two main "players" making zig-zag moves in this game—Great Britain, still a great sea power, and the United States, with growing maritime strength. For a brief time France also took part, though with little success.

In 1879 the Geographic Society of Paris sponsored an international congress of top-flight engineers to agree on a plan for the desired communication set-up. The battle of the routes (Nicaragua, Chocó, Darién, San Blas, ad infinitum) came to a climax when the congress decided on the route from Limón Bay to Panama City. The Chagres' destiny had finally been confirmed.

And so France—fired by Ferdinand de Lesseps' optimism, aided and abetted by a team of technicians, machinery, workmen, and money—went to work on the Isthmus of Panama. Funds were squandered on wild luxury, but stores, hospitals, and living quarters were

the deadly onslaught of the tropics: malaria, yellow fever, cholera, fungus diseases flourished in the Chagres Valley, which seemed doomed to bloodshed.

Beginning in 1882, they strove for a sea-level canal, but technical difficulties, the stubborn opposition of the hills, and economic needs brought about a change of plans, and in 1887 they decided in favor of one with locks. The biggest challenge was to control the waters of the Chagres. They kept digging, but landslides and death were their constant partners. Meanwhile, mismanagement and reckless spending came to light, breaking out into the "Scandal of Panama," a disgrace incubated in Paris but with repercussions throughout the entire world. The French company fell.

But the Canal was half finished, and the Chagres was waiting, with its flow of millions of tons of sometimes turbid, sometimes clear water. The "century of light" was near its end. The diplomatic struggle entered a crisis that was resolved in favor of the United States, by then a maritime power that had to move its fleets quickly from one ocean to the other. In this whirlpool of tensions the independent Republic of Panama was born on November 3, 1903. The United States bought from the French company the partially completed work and inherited the right to finish the Canal.

What happened after that is part of modern history. Wisely enough, the first move of the North Americans was to make the tropics healthful and sanitary. An army of doctors and scientists pitched into the battle. On the little island of Barro Colorado entomologists and naturalists studied the life and habits of the dangerous mosquito. Thousands of laborers dug ditches to clear the land of stagnant waters. Colonel William Crawford Gorgas skillfully directed the first scientific invasion of the tropics by the white man, as some have called it. Meanwhile, engineering skill and machinery, under the apt leadership of George Washington Goethals, were focused on the obstinate Culebra Cut. The Chagres was contained by closing up the Gatún canyon, where they had to dump four million tons of cement to hold back the river's intrepid, abundant waters. The locks were constructed, and one fine day the job was finished. Goethals smiled. On August 15, 1914, the ship *Ancón* made the first passage through the newly completed Canal.

The Chagres' interoceanic destiny was fulfilled just a decade after the birth of the Republic of Panama, which has gradually matured around the geographic axis of the river; this is Panama's debt to the Chagres. The Canal continuously derives the water for its locks from the river; this is the U.S.A.'s debt to the Chagres. And the Canal, as a strategic means of communication, has put the waters of the Atlantic, laden with hundreds of years of past history, in contact with those of the Pacific, full of historical promise for the future; this is the world's debt to the Chagres.

So ends the story of a river, which is one of the smallest in the world, yet the greatest, linking continent with continent, North with South, and East with West. A river so tiny that it hardly fits on a map—the Chagres of Panama. ♦ ♦ ♦



*Diminutive Chagres provides water that fills Gatún Lake and operates Canal locks, shown here under construction in 1910*

built too. Heavy machinery poured in, and there was a continuous flow of plans and more plans. The excavations were under way, but many had already fallen before

## points | of view



### U. S. TOURISTS IN HAITI

IN AN ARTICLE appearing in the second issue of *Optique*, a new Haitian magazine published in Port-au-Prince, Selden Rodman, a U. S. writer who has lived some years on the island and holds the Haitian Legion of Honor and Merit, ponders the motives of his fellow countrymen in visiting there:

"Why are North Americans coming to Haiti by the thousands? What attracts them to Haiti—outside of the erroneous publicity that advertises golf and water-skiing—is a mystery. Perched around the glittering bars in Pétion Ville, seated in the International Casino across from a croupier who unfailingly separates them from their money, or leering from their taxis at the women with baskets on their heads making their way toward the Perchoir. . . obviously they are driven by at least a trace of that same spirit that brings the rest of us here.

"What is it that we are all seeking and that we find in Haiti. . . ? Primitivism is a loaded word. Used by people of little knowledge and even less respect, it can become synonymous with savagery, ignorance, and lack of ability. . . . But the word primitivism as I use it here means basic simplicity.

"Far from being a savage, the Haitian peasant . . . accepts life with

grace, courage, exuberance, friendliness, and a great capacity for work and cooperation. For the most part illiterate and, through no fault of his own, deprived of the simplest farming equipment—such as the plow and the wheelbarrow—he knows how to live peacefully with his neighbors. . . . The peasant has not yet learned to use machines or to fit into a complicated mechanized society, . . . but none of this is beyond his ability, if shown to him even summarily. And it is quite evident that the self-taught Haitian, with only the most elementary tools, can sculpt or paint with inspiration and discernment that surpass even those of the most gifted 'sophisticates.' In the arts that spring naturally from their traditions . . . they are past masters. . . .

". . . In the final analysis, of what importance is economic well-being? Does specific caloric intake have anything to do with peace of mind? Do modern means of communication really contribute to the understanding of people among themselves? Are plumbing, grocery stores, bank accounts, and double-entry bookkeeping necessary for a good life? What is happiness? It is quite risky to give any sort of hasty reply to these questions.

"There are three special reasons why the North American of above-average

sensitivity finds in Haiti something that the other Caribbean islands cannot offer. The first is the color of the skin. Naturally, there are Negroes in all the islands, but Haiti is the only one where the white master has been chased out, so that, as a consequence, the natives have had the experience of one hundred and fifty years of proud independence, briefly eclipsed during the occupation by U. S. Marines. The most obvious contradiction of U. S. democracy has been the status of the Negro. The majority of my fellow countrymen are either openly or secretly ashamed of this fact. If their sense of justice has not been dulled, they realize that in Haiti they are most graciously received by a race that has not met with such hospitable treatment in the United States. . . .

"A less subtle aspect of the extraordinary charm that Haiti has for the imaginative visitor is the opportunity for new adventure. With the opening of Africa to the West, the conquest of the North and South poles, and the recent ascent of Mount Everest, there are very few unexplored corners of the earth. Strange as it may seem, Haiti—though served by airlines and only a nap's distance from Miami—is one of these. No place in Haiti is inaccessible. Anyone with a few hundred dollars and a love of waterfalls can delve into the very heart of Haiti. By jeep, on horseback, or on foot, every mysterious, subterranean labyrinth and every Indian burying ground can be fully explored. However, one place, less than thirty minutes from the capital, is so isolated that the sight of a North American causes panic, and the entire village population flees to the hills. . . . Also within easy access of everyone are the man-made miracles of Haiti: the fairy-like architecture of Port-au-Prince, the Old World charm of Jacmel with its grilled balconies, the symphony of pastel shades at Cap-Haïtien, the imposing ruins of Milot, and the extraordinary murals in the Holy Trinity Cathedral in Port-au-Prince.

"North Americans are reformers and improvisers. . . . In Haiti, it is pathetically obvious that living conditions could be improved immeasurably with relatively little technical 'know-how' and money. For example, Haiti mistakenly cuts down its forest reserves

to make charcoal, and thus the thin layer of topsoil is washed away by the torrential rains. The person with enough foresight to plant one lone tree gives Haiti what she most needs. The North American bent on action—frustrated at home in his desire to institute reforms—finds in Haiti more opportunities than he had ever dreamed of. Sometimes, even if not often enough, he returns as a member of one of the many agencies financed by the government or private interests that have helped Haiti to solve some of her most urgent problems. In some instances our would-be reformer entertains himself by reconstructing in his imagination the fabulous prosperity of the Colony of St. Domingue, but if he does nothing more than soliloquize, then he's no menace.

"These facets of Haitian magnetism—and others less tangible—combine in a mysterious way to regenerate self-confidence. The new arrival may look around him and ask petulantly why the peasants don't revolt. The older resident, if he hasn't been completely swallowed up by the U. S. colony in Port-au-Prince, admires the independence and spiritual stability that make the peasant a proud part of humanity. In order to free himself from tyrants—black or white—the Haitian has organized some of the most violent revolts in history. If, after having won his freedom and a bit of land, he prefers the status quo, he has his reasons. He is indifferent to politics, past or present. Like the man from Missouri, he has to be shown. . . .

"The visitor to Haiti . . . has as much to learn from Haiti as he has to teach her. If he sticks his nose in the air, he'll not be able to see what's going on around his feet. But if he gives his curiosity free rein and looks around him with a little sympathetic understanding, he will take part in a truly rewarding experience. From the élite as much as from the lower class, if he understands them, he can learn the definition of true hospitality. During the countless festivals of Mardi-Gras and Ra-Ra, he can rediscover the lost art of . . . laughing to his heart's content. From the 'coubite,' the peasant way of getting together to do a job that's too big for one man alone . . . he can learn more about collective

work projects than Marx ever dreamed of. From Voodoo . . . he can find out just what it means to live one's religion.

"There is a corner of land located six thousand feet above sea level . . . forty-five minutes from the paved streets of Port-au-Prince, where one suddenly comes upon the most awe-inspiring view to be found in any mountain range. . . . The silence is so penetrating that you feel as if you were on the threshold of a Gothic cathedral. You see no sign of a house or village. But slowly, as your eyes and ears grow accustomed to the grandeurs of Nature, the landscape comes alive. Far off on the right, across a ravine where the banana trees spike the red soil like green sabers, a figure of a man in blue denim seems the size of an ant. A thousand feet further down, where it seems impossible for even a goat to secure a footing, a woman with a red kerchief around her head is working a garden plot. A few miles to the left, wisps of smoke behind a group of white houses surrounded by mangrove trees indicate that someone is preparing the land for planting or burning wood to make charcoal. The peaceful atmosphere is accentuated, but not broken, by the wild notes of an African work song chanted plaintively in a falsetto voice, then by a melody, even farther in the distance, played on a bamboo flute. . . .

## MASSAGUERIAS DIAGNOSTICO



—Por este informe veo que su hijo es esquizofrénico.

—Me extraña, doctor, él nació en Yaguaramas.

"I see on this report that your son is schizophrenic." "That's odd, doctor. He was born in Yaguaramas."—El Mundo, Havana

Finally, with luck and patience, you may hear the whistled chords of the . . . incredibly haunting songster of the rain forest—the 'musician bird.' It is beyond the power of any camera lens or sound track to capture the beauty of this landscape. Only human perception can fully appreciate it. . . .

"Here—or in one of many similar spots on the island of Haiti—man acquires a certain perspective. It is much the same as star-gazing, though perhaps with a deeper emotional impact. . . ."

## TYPICAL LATINS

IN AN ARTICLE in *Temas*, monthly Spanish-language magazine published in New York, Dr. F. Oliver Brachfeld, director of the Institute of Psychosynthesis and Human Relations at the University of the Andes in Mérida, Venezuela, asks—and answers—the question "Is there a Spanish American psychology?"

"These days," he says, "we hear a lot about Venezuelan, Argentine, Mexican, Dominican, or other 'national characters.' . . . These are nothing but slogans or political battle cries. If we tried to find out what they really mean, we would encounter endless difficulties, because serious studies on the subject scarcely exist. . . .

"Actually, Venezuelans consider themselves very different from Colombians, Ecuadoreans from Peruvians. . . . Even within national boundaries there are regional psychological differences. . . . However, there is little doubt that to the cursory view of North Americans or Europeans, these varieties . . . form a fairly homogeneous picture. . . . Just so, South Americans recognize Europeans, though often they may not be able to distinguish between Italians and Spaniards, Swiss and Germans, or Hungarians and Poles. . . .

"Now, what do we know of the characteristics of this conglomerate . . . mass of humanity in Central and South America? Very little, and the material at our disposal is mostly in anecdotes. Nevertheless, there are morals or conclusions to be drawn from many of these.

"Ortega y Gasset accuses South Americans of being extremely self-centered. He may be right. Many



## MASSAGUERIAS

LA NUEVA SECRETARIA



—Soy muy apto, señor Martínez. Además soy íntima de su madre política.

*"I'm very capable, Mr. Martínez. And, besides, I'm a good friend of your mother-in-law."*—El Mundo, Havana

American intellectuals (and the Spanish philosopher's acquaintance has probably been limited to this group) suffer from an 'inflated ego' or a 'superiority complex.' But it is also possible that Ortega sees in them his own superiority complex, individual and national. Didn't he say, years ago, that haughtiness was a Spanish trait? At any rate, such generalizations are always superficial . . . since they apply only to 'select minorities' (to use another of the Iberian philosopher's favorite terms). And when the Venezuelan Pulido Villafañe avers that his fellow countrymen are apathetic, his judgment is equally one-sided.

"Doubtless the Spanish national character and the Spanish American have many traits in common. It could be said that Spanish Americans have many Spanish peculiarities, magnified and exaggerated. (The same holds true for Brazilians as compared with Portuguese.) A humorist once claimed that Americans inherited from the Spanish and the Indians only the 'bad' traits, only their vices, without any of their virtues. Naturally, it was a Spanish American who said this, since it is generally characteristic of Hispanic peoples to speak ill of themselves. . . . The Catalan poet Bartrina said: ' . . . if he speaks badly of Spain, he is a Spaniard.' This is equally true of Spanish Americans.

(I am referring not to what they may say . . . to outsiders, but to what they tell their inner selves or their compatriots.)

"The Ecuadorean engineer Cyrano Tama, who spent more time in Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Argentina than in his own country, once said to me at a gathering of people from a number of countries: 'Listen to the Spanish-Americans. All of us sound as if we were talking in our sleep.' And though this observation must be taken with a grain of salt, . . . it is undeniably true to a certain extent.

"And what opinion do North Americans and Europeans have of Latin Americans? It's not very favorable. But they judge by themselves and their own standards, which is not fair. Generally, and with rare exceptions, they know only a handful of Ibero-Americans and thus form a wholly one-sided opinion. For a long time Parisians knew only Latin American potentates, whose ostentatious manner must have shocked them, or fleeing criminals, . . . or a few honorable political refugees, understandably resentful and generally hard up. This did not afford a basis for adequate, objective study. In Paris they thought Latin Americans were just . . . extravagant people of typical tropical exuberance, throwing money around recklessly. . . .

"To North Americans and Europeans . . . the 'Latin's' courtesy seems hypocritical pretense. When they say 'I'll call you next week,' they do it.



COSTO DE VIDA  
—Y para qué dos canastos?  
—Pues . . . el grande "pa" llevar la plata . . . y el chiquito "pa" traer el mercado.

*"Why two baskets?" "Well, the big one for money and the little one for groceries."*—El Tiempo, Bogotá

And they don't understand that when Spanish or Portuguese Americans say the same thing, they don't feel obligated. . . . They think that they probably will call, but only probably. Or they use the formula solely as a suitable end to a conversation, or even to get away from a person whom they dislike. . . . The 'Latin's' promise is a form of courtesy; the Nordic's, an obligation. . . . In Caracas a foreigner once said to me: 'When two Venezuelans make an appointment for the next day, probably neither one intends to keep it.' True. But why consider as a moral defect what is only a characteristic of a certain way of life?

"Along the same lines, a German was amazed . . . by the written request of a hotel guest in Spain: 'Wake me tomorrow morning about nine or ten o'clock.' Most Europeans or North Americans would want to be called either at nine or at ten and can't understand anyone's not caring about a whole hour's difference. . . .

"Little by little, we are beginning to collect objective facts . . . about the real Ibero-American make-up. We know that their impulses are briefer but more intense than those of Europeans or 'Yankees.' Also, their reactions to visual or auditory stimuli are much more rapid. In general, their sensory organs function more keenly and quickly, but not as constantly or regularly. Their psychological make-up is more explosive and brusque—whence their reputation for having a 'volcanic' temperament. . . . Generally speaking, the 'Latin' oscillates between extremes, much more intensely, but also with far greater irregularity. He can go from excited enthusiasm to complete apathy, or vice versa, in a fraction of a second. . . .

"In spite of the varying ancestral backgrounds of the people of Latin America, there most certainly is a Hispano-Afro-Indian and Portuguese American psychology, a common denominator. But it will never be understood, . . . if we judge solely on the basis of foreign psychology and with a set of standards formed in other parts of the world. To comprehend the Spanish and Portuguese American fully, we must begin with *him*, with his own way of being, and not look at him . . . from Mars or the moon."

## SHOULD WE ALL GO METRIC?

(Continued from page 5)

But, he will add, in practice tenths are not the whole story. The most useful subdivisions in commerce are halves, quarters, and thirds—in that order. The twelve inches of the foot are easily divided by two, four, and three. This facilitates thinking and usage. Decimalization is no more common with metric measures in France than with customary ones in the United States. The people of Brussels and Paris still buy butter by the half-kilo, or halves or quarters of that amount, because it is nearest to a pound, the convenient amount. Even after a century of compulsory metric usage, the farmers of France and Belgium still prefer the customary measures.

But the most potent argument in favor of the customary measures is simply that they are so well suited to daily use. The Hotchkiss Company, makers of machine guns, tried the metric system a long time before abandoning it. "We like the inch better than the millimeter," their general manager said. "It decimalizes to better advantage."



Pitfalls of a changeover: "This size fit O.K. until we went metric."

Inches and feet and pounds have survived and been refined to their present values because they work so well. A measure about a foot long, for instance, is needed; and the metric system has no simple equivalent.

There it is. The debaters have done their work, and you can decide for yourself whether one of the systems is superior to the other.

But there's more to the question than that. Is the single metric system enough better than the existence of two conflicting systems to be worth the strain and struggle of a changeover to it? It is a question that is very much alive today, with the two great systems

attempting to dominate the world of metrology, the science of measurement.

What would such a changeover involve? Some things would require no changing at all. Scientific work the world over is already carried on in metric units. For that great majority of things now measured in customary units, the changeover could come in either of two forms. Quantities could be changed to metric ones, or old sizes and amounts could be retained but described in metric terms. Neither of these methods would be feasible in all matters, so a change to metric probably would be a blend of both.

Three-quarter-inch water pipe, for instance, might retain its present diameter—which is not exactly three-quarters of an inch anyway. It would simply be described by the number of millimeters most closely approaching its actual size. This would cause much less confusion than an actual change that would make new fittings just fail to fit old pipe—a plumbing repairman's nightmare.

In millimeters, a fifteen-inch shirt collar is 381 and a thirty-two-inch sleeve is 813. It would be no appreciable change to make these thirty-eight and eighty-one centimeters.

Old packaging machinery could generally continue in use, with new labeling and a slight change in filling levels. The metric liter is perhaps close enough to the customary quart to permit continued use of present milk bottles and milk carton machinery for a time.

The statement that all weighing machines would have to be thrown away is, of course, an exaggeration. Only the weights and scale of graduations would have to be replaced. One advocate of change to metric has argued that the cost of this could be paid for in five years by the saving in lead pencils alone.

The opposition steps in at that point with a warning: If metric adoption is only partially successful, as has been true in many countries, we'll all have to learn two systems from beginning to end. And conversions are the hardest arithmetic of all.

Perhaps the most difficult thing to change would be the way people think. What's to replace the concept of "six-footer" in the language of English-speaking peoples? How, some carper has asked, will you describe the "foot-long hot dog" in metric terms?

Perhaps we'll have to concede that there is merit in both camps, as John Quincy Adams did more than a century and a quarter ago. In 1821 he reported to Congress about the metric system in these glowing terms:

This system approaches to the ideal perfection of uniformity applied to weights and measures and whether destined to succeed or doomed to fail, will shed unfading glory upon the age in which it was conceived, and upon the nation by which its execution was attempted and has in part been achieved.

He then went on to recommend "that no present change in the weights and measures of the country be attempted."

Apparently we, like Mr. Adams, will have to accept the dual system as undesirable but, for now at least, inevitable. Hmmm. Let's see. There are 28.35 grams to an ounce, 2.54 centimeters to the inch. . . . ♦ ♦ ♦



# books

## THE MAKING OF A CIVILIZATION

WILLIAM LYTLE SCHURZ, historian and economist, diplomat and educator, has traveled and re-traveled the other American republics, has lived in several of the capitals and in remote districts of the interior, and has long been writing with expert knowledge and an easy pen on many aspects of Hemisphere relations. His *Latin America*, for example, published a dozen years ago, was and still is useful politico-economic documentation; his *Manila Galleon*, a swift and stately colonial narrative. To his newest work, *This New World: The Civilization of Latin America*, different in scope and substance from its predecessors, Dr. Schurz brings the sureness of firsthand experience and prolonged research. If he sometimes seems somewhat overgenerous in evaluation of sources, equating the brash and the conscientious in a footnote, this is a minor matter in a work that is primarily a summation of his own conclusions based on decades of observation.

Except for Brazil, which has a section all its own, no one country is considered in detail as a separate entity. Instead, Dr. Schurz, examining the factors which have made and maintain Ibero-America, discusses at length and with continental breadth the Spaniard in his native Spain and in the new environment of America; that environment itself; the Indian south of the Rio Grande, with special attention to his cultural differences from Indians north of it; the Negro and his part in Discovery and Conquest as well as in later history; the "foreigners," who in Latin America were and are mainly Italians, English, Irish, Germans, Flemings, and Dutch, and (in the Spanish countries) Portuguese; the Church, with its tremendous part not only in Christianizing and educating through its missions but in liberalizing and humanizing by its influence on Spanish legislation affecting the Indians; the women of Latin America, Iberian and Indian, colonial and contemporary; the city, with the initial special problems of urbanization presented to a

small group of Spaniards or Portuguese in an unknown region, vast and hostile. In all these analyses, the reader is well served by the author's ability to see each factor in relation to the others, and to keep constantly in mind the Hispanic and the North American relevancies as well as the Ibero-American immediacies.

Not confining himself to observations of the brightly lighted areas, Dr. Schurz recalls from the shadowy margins of history many figures that make the integrated story clearer: Isabel Galinda, for instance, who in 1510 was the first single woman to be listed in her own right as a passenger from the Old World to the New; the Negro Nuño de Olano, who was with Balboa when he discovered the Pacific; that other Negro, Estevanico, who accompanied Cabeza de Vaca on his long journey through what is now the southern United States; Job Hartop, the Lincolnshire powder-maker whose misadventures in Mexico—where John Hawkins had set him ashore—were so dire as to discourage Englishmen from visiting that country for years to come; and a horde of others no less interesting and significant.

In a work of such scope, historical and geographical,



Illustration from *This New World*,  
by William Lytle Schurz



social and political, all in the compass of a trifle over four hundred pages, profound treatment is neither expected nor possible. Even so, Dr. Schurz' comment on the Spanish mystics, and on the poetic genius of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, both of importance in the civilization of Latin America, is so casual as to become wholly superficial. On the other hand, the accounts of such diverse but related factors as the first schools established by devoted missionaries, and remarks on the show-window importance of the great capitals, with resultant effects on national psychologies and economics; and, underlying and illuminating all, the sympathetic interpretation of character and attitudes, are real and lasting contributions toward the inter-American solidarity which can only stem from such mutual understanding, respect, and good will as Dr. Schurz demonstrates and evokes. —Muna Lee

THIS NEW WORLD: THE CIVILIZATION OF LATIN AMERICA, by William Lytle Schurz, with illustrations by Carl Folke Sahlin. New York, E. P. Dutton & Company, 1954. 429 p. \$6.00

## VISIT TO OAXACA

MEXICO HAS SUFFERED every imaginable type of traveler from its neighbor to the north, running the gamut from tourist to learned archeologist. What the Mexican reaction has been I don't pretend to know, but most *norteamericanos* have come away from the experience with emotions that range from fascination to deep affection. True, those who have been able to communicate the essence of Mexico—its peoples, culture, and history—have been as rare as the quetzal bird. Too often the successors of John Lloyd Stephens and Charles Macomb Flandrau have repeated the stereotype of romantic Mexico, filled with mariachis, mystery, and melodrama.

It is therefore a real pleasure to encounter a popular writer who is able to capture the spirit of one region of what Lesley Byrd Simpson has so aptly called "many Mexicos." Although titled *Zapotec*, the book is not limited to the contributions made by this one tribe to the greatness of Oaxaca. Mixtecs, Popolocas, Mazatecs, and others also share the stage. In fact, Helen Augur ranges over the entire state of Oaxaca, with occasional side excursions into the bordering states of Chiapas, Vera Cruz, and Puebla. But it is the Zapotecs—cherishing the same valleys and mountains after thirty centuries of struggle to create and preserve a great heritage—who hold the spotlight. Any visitor to Oaxaca who has seen their great archeological sites and humble villages, and who has watched the people working at centuries-old crafts or in equally ancient *milpas*, will understand Miss Augur's affection for the Zapotecs.

With a light touch that belies her erudition, the author combines travel, archeology, folklore, and history. The style is rambling, the book almost without plan (despite tidy section and chapter headings), as though emulating Oaxaca's own irregular topography. Yet the pieces fall into a pattern that reveals Oaxaca and its culture more accurately than many scholarly works.

Typical of Miss Augur's informal approach is the

opening chapter. Here she paints slight, almost fragile, vignettes of three Oaxaca scenes: New Year's Eve at Mitla, the dazzling spectacle of a Juchitán wedding on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and a general strike in the city of Oaxaca as the common people stand up to authority and force out an unpopular governor. The portraits are in miniature, drawn with sensitivity, but never romanticized so that they lose contact with the reality of contemporary Mexico.

Out of this endless variety of word pictures, and the historical background which Miss Augur deftly injects, even the uninitiated reader gains some conception of the enduring values of Mexico south. One is the essentially democratic, independent spirit of its people, a spirit that bred Benito Juárez in the tiny Sierra town of Guelatao. Another is the deeply religious feeling of its people, which makes even the humblest fiesta to a village's patron saint a thing of beauty and sincerity rarely found among more "sophisticated" races.

But the other side of the coin is also visible, bearing the face of the eternal Indian on which the cultures of Spain and modern Mexico have been superimposed. Such is the small chapel of the Cross of Petitions, where Zapotecs come to pray for a new corncrib or better crops just as their ancestors did several thousand years before. Or the Dance of the Conquest at Teotitlán del Valle, reenacting in a dance drama that is both naïve and deeply moving the story of submission to Cortés.

Again and again Miss Augur comes back to the great ceremonial city of Monte Albán, built perhaps six hundred years before the time of Christ. The Great Plaza, pyramids, astronomical observatory, weird stone carvings, and unsurpassed Mixtec jewels attest to one of the highest civilizations attained in Middle America. The waters that once surrounded this city set on a leveled mountaintop have long since receded, but the Zapotecs and Mixtecs who worshipped there still cling to the soil of Oaxaca.

*Zapotec* is an interesting and unpretentious book. In Miss Augur's words, it helps explain why the slogan *Viva Oaxaca, no hay otro* (long live Oaxaca, there is no other), though "one of those clichés," is "profoundly true." —Robert E. Kingsley

ZAPOTEC, by Helen Augur. New York, Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1954. 279 p. Illus. \$4.50

## FROM THE PAU BOOKSHELF

THE RECENTLY ISSUED *José Martí, Crítico Literario*, by the Cuban scholar José Antonio Portuondo, is the third entry in the *Pensamiento de América* (American Thought) series of the division of philosophy, letters, and sciences. Unlike the similarly titled volume on Rubén Darío published in the *Escritores de América* (American Writers) series, this is not an anthology but a critical essay accompanied by appropriate citations. The Cuban poet and patriot, living the greater part of his adult life in exile, always played an active part in the literary world of the countries that took him in. His critical personality began to develop during his two years (1875-76) in Mexico. He came out strongly against positivism in the polemics then raging over its merits,

and wrote "encouraging but fair" articles (to use Dr. Portuondo's words) on the current theatrical renaissance—attitudes that came more and more strongly to characterize his criticism. What repelled him about positivism was its rigidity and its influence on literature, producing as it did a naturalistic school he considered exaggerated and distorted; similarly, when he was later writing on U.S. culture for Latin American papers, he preferred Twain, whose realism was of a kind he considered healthy and strong, to Howells, and considered Whitman's *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed* "perhaps one of the most beautiful productions in contemporary poetry." As a revolutionary who saw things as they were, he rejected airy idealism, but he found the sordidness of naturalism equally false. As for the support he gave the new Mexican playwrights, this was to develop into a faith in the unity and future greatness of Spanish America that pervaded all his writings. In any case, as he wrote to Bartolomé Mitre, editor of *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, he would always rather praise than attack; his method of showing disapprobation was silence. In the prospectus Martí drew up for his *Revista Venezolana*, a magazine that saw only two issues before he was forced to flee the country, Dr. Portuondo finds the outline of his lifelong critical philosophy, which may be summed up as "explanation and divulgation of foreign literatures, stimulating praise of our own and excuse of its defects, conciliation between literary generations." Paper-bound and printed, *José Martí, Crítico Literario* is priced at \$8.50.

Just off the press is the second volume of the *Guía de las Colecciones Públicas de Arte en los Estados Unidos*, by José Gómez-Sicre, chief of the PAU visual-arts section. Intended primarily for Latin American visitors to the United States, these guides are arranged geographically in such a way that the art-seeker may also enjoy

a pleasant tour. The first volume dealt with Atlantic-coast museums from Florida to New York; the second carries the traveler as far north as Rockland, Maine. Besides such stand-bys as the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, interesting smaller institutions in New London, Marblehead, Salem, Burlington, and other New England communities are included. Each volume, illustrated with many photographs of works in the various collections, is \$1.50.

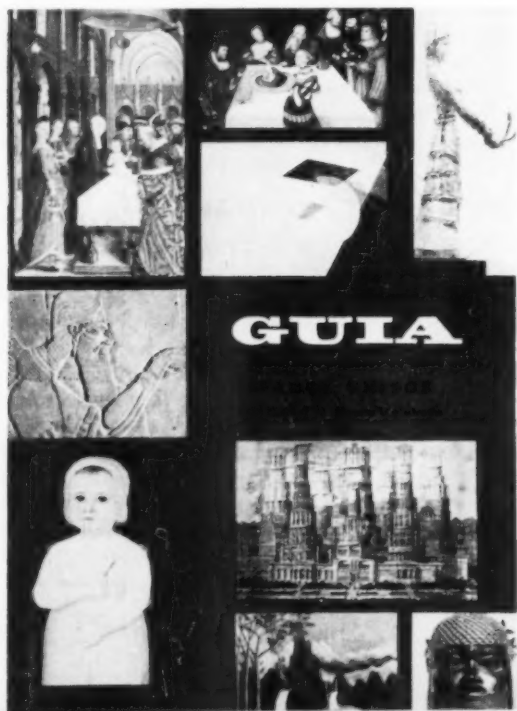
With a volume devoted to Chile, the PAU music division has started a *Musical Directory of Latin America* that will eventually include all the American republics. As the others will, this volume deals with the history and organization of conservatories, music schools, and symphonic and choral ensembles, and lists libraries, record collections, magazines, music stores, instrument makers, folklore archives, radio stations, theaters, and concert halls. Spanish and English texts are in parallel columns. (Mimeographed, \$2.25)

*La Situación Mundial del Café* (The World Coffee Situation) is a thorough study of this vital problem through the first half of 1954, prepared by the Special Commission on Coffee of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council. The role of coffee in international trade; export and import trends, their causes and effects; the present situation in each of the coffee-producing countries, both within the Western Hemisphere and outside; and prospects for the future are all included in text and tables. In Spanish. (Mimeographed, \$8.50)

The newest number of the *Inter-American Juridical Yearbook*, covering 1950 and 1951, was published recently. Its six sections include studies in the field of international law; reports of events and developments; an account of the second and third sessions of the International Law Commission, which affect the OAS as a regional organization under the UN Charter; summaries of articles published in various American law reviews; book reviews; and the texts of a number of documents. The text is partly in English, partly in Spanish. (Cloth-bound, \$3.00)

The Department of International Law has also brought out a volume entitled *Strengthening of Internal Security*, a 432-page report prepared in compliance with a resolution approved by the Fourth Meeting of American Foreign Ministers. Chapters are devoted to definition, prevention, and punishment of sabotage and espionage; to the protection of human rights; to measures to prevent the abuse of freedom of transit; and to conclusions. The appendices contain the texts of many relevant documents. English and Spanish versions are available. (Printed, \$2.00)

Two supplements to volumes in the series of "Statements of the Laws of Latin America in Matters Affecting Business" bring the information on Argentina and Uruguay up to date through the first part of 1954. These volumes, in English, are prepared chiefly for business-



men and lawyers by practicing attorneys in the countries concerned. The statements (eleven have been published so far) vary in price; the supplements are \$1.00 each separately, free when ordered with the statements.

All who have occasion to use economic and business terminology will welcome *Spanish and English Equivalents of National Income Terms*, in effect a bilingual economic dictionary, which has just been completed by the PAU division of economic research. (Mimeographed, \$.50)

This is of course only a small sampling of PAU publications. The 1954 catalogue, listing all publications now in print, has just appeared. It may be obtained, as may all the works mentioned here, through the Publications and Distribution Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. Publications of OAS specialized agencies—such as the Pan American Institute of Geography and History, the Pan American Sanitary Organization, or the Inter-American Indian Institute—are available through the individual organizations.

#### A WORD WITH THE HAWKEYE FOUR

(Continued from page 28)

Oklahomans from Tulsa—lawyer O. C. Cash and broker Rupert I. Hall—met by chance in the lobby of the Muehlbach Hotel in Kansas City. In the course of their conversation, both discovered they enjoyed singing, and Cash expressed concern over the apparent decline in barbershop harmonizing. Shortly after their return home, they issued a letter to their friends. It read:

In this age of Dictators and Government control of everything, about the only privilege guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, not in some way supervised or directed, is the art of Barber Shop Quartet singing. Without doubt we still have the right of "peaceable assembly" which, I am advised by competent legal authority, includes quartet singing. The writers have for a long time thought that something should be done to encourage the enjoyment of this last remaining vestige of human liberty. Therefore, we have decided to hold a songfest on the Roof Garden of the Tulsa Club on Monday. . . .

Twenty-six men attended that first meeting. Seventy came to a second gathering a week later. At the third get-together, held in Tulsa's Alvin Hotel, 150 men showed up and burst into song, causing a traffic jam in the streets outside. A journalist's report of the affair was put on the wire services and sent all over the United States. Within a few weeks, chapters sprang up throughout the Middle West. The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America had been born.

"Today, we have some 25,000 members in 615 chapters in the United States and Canada," Mr. Langerak explained. "Within the Society we have over 2,000 quartets and 400 choruses. Our Des Moines chapter is typical. Our fifty members meet every Monday night all year round. We four are in Washington for the international contest because we won in local competition."

"Can anyone join your Society?"



The Hawkeye Four (from left) Robert Langerak (tenor); Robert Boudeuwyns (lead); Fred Owens (baritone); Jerry Pike (bass)

"Yes, indeed. We welcome good citizens from every walk of life who get satisfaction from singing. No musical training is necessary. Some non-singers join just because they get a kick out of listening to fellows who can hang on to a chord. We believe barber shop quartet singing is an important part of human relations. Our organization makes it possible for a banker to get together with a plumber and harmonize in friendship and conviviality. You'd be surprised how 'keeping on pitch' can make friends of strangers, people who ordinarily wouldn't get to know each other. Think what that can mean in the international field."

"Does the SPEBSQSA do anything besides sing?"

"Oh, yes. We make contributions to local charities, groups, and organizations. In Des Moines, we raised \$800 last year for the YMCA and expect to top \$1,000 this year. In Minneapolis, over a four-year period, \$25,000 was raised to buy special equipment for the Heart Hospital of the University of Minnesota. In Clayton, Missouri, barbershoppers provided a children's park shelter. These are only a few of the things we find we can do as we grow."

The Hawkeye Four began to hum, then swung into *Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye*, a typical barbershop song, as are, for example, *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nelly*; *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*; and *Dear Old Girl*. After our applause subsided, we asked, "How does your organization feel about Latin America?"

Mr. Langerak replied that it hoped to interest Latin Americans in the sport and quoted a statement by Mr. John Z. Means, former international president. "The problem of language is not insurmountable," Means declared. "The Latin peoples are terrific harmony enthusiasts, and what will happen when they catch the Barbershop Harmony bug?"

The Hawkeye Four bade us farewell; the last thing we heard as they went out the door—on their way to the contest which was won by the Orphans of Wichita, Kansas—was Mr. Langerak saying, "Don't forget, boys. Whatever happens, keep on pitch."—Wallace B. Alig



## Embassy Row



**Mrs. Zuleta** is a skilled guitarist with a decided preference for popular music, but until recently she has had little time for anything but the preparations for her daughter Emilia's marriage to José R. Calderón, Air Attaché at the Embassy. Emilia was educated in Bogotá and Lima. Afterward she specialized in social work and became Director of the Centro Social Obrero in Bogotá. She is also interested in finance and international affairs.



**Four of the seven** children of the Zuleta family are in Washington: (from left) María Cristina, seventeen, interested in languages and literature; María Teresa, twenty, mechanically inclined; Margarita, twenty-seven, graduate in chemistry; and Emilia, twenty-eight. Living in Colombia are Carlota, twenty-six, married; Bernardo, twenty-five, a lawyer; and Guillermo, twenty-three, a mechanical engineer.

The Ambassador's official residence is near the busy Dupont Circle section of Washington.



**Dr. Eduardo Zuleta Angel**, Colombian Ambassador to the United States, has long played a leading role in public life at home and abroad. He practiced law for many years, taught international law, was Dean of the National Law School and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in Bogotá. He has also served his government as head of various Ministries and has been Colombian delegate to the U.N. Conference in San Francisco, co-chairman of the U.N. site committee, and Chairman of the first meeting of the U.N. Assembly in London. Dr. Zuleta was President of the IX Inter-American Conference at Bogotá and a delegate to the Rio Conference on continental security and to the recent Inter-American Conference in Caracas. He has twice been his country's representative in Washington, this time since 1953.



**A few days before** Emilia's wedding, the Ambassador and his wife discussed the forthcoming event with their long-time friend, Monsignor Vittori, member of the Apostolic Mission in Washington.



## LITTLE AFRICA IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 8)

monial language. It is noble speech, or *deepee taki* ("deep talk") and unintelligible to anyone but the Bush Negro. It was absolutely incomprehensible even to the cooks on my expeditions, who were Negroes from the Dutch town of Paramaribo.

The common speech of the Bush Negro is *taki-taki*. It is spoken by all the non-Europeans of Dutch Guiana save the aboriginal Indians, and even by some of them in villages near the coast. This includes the town Negroes, Javanese, Hindus, and certain Mohammedans from India. The last three groups, incidentally, are descendants of indentured laborers imported into the colony years ago. They have all kept the dress of their native lands and speak their own languages as well as *taki-taki*. Some of the white Dutch inhabitants also speak this tongue, which is a mixture of English, Dutch, French, and African words, with a dash of Portuguese for good measure.

I was surprised to learn, through constant inquiry, that the Djukas neither remember nor know Africa. Their history, as far as they are concerned, dates from the rebellion—except in areas where missionaries teach them their origin. My chief paddler, Quacu, was doubtless named in honor of the famous Bush Negro rebel chief, but the name was originally that of an important king of the Ashanti people on the West African Coast.

Another cultural remnant strongly suggestive of the dark continent is the highly developed system of drum telegraphy found among the river Djukas. Besides the call "White man comes," I have heard others which were interpreted to me as "Come quick, sick," "Call the Gran-mon," "Come to the meeting," and so on. Some of the Djukas use the drum to talk to their *Gran Gadu* (Great Spirit), feeling that the throbs of the instrument are more likely to reach their celestial destinations than mere words or thoughts. News of his arrival precedes the traveler via this tom-tom code, and if he has made a bad impression, this negative report is well known up the river. In this case the Negroes will refuse to trade with the offender or help him and his plight will be uncomfortable indeed.

In many parts of Africa one finds the curious custom of decorating the skin by scarring. This practice is also widespread among the Djukas as a direct African survival. A number of incisions are made with a sharp knife in the flesh of the face, arm, back, thigh, or abdomen, and finely ground charcoal is rubbed into the cuts. The wounds are arranged in a geometrical design and when healing is completed, they form a pattern of scar-tissue welts. This custom is common among both men and women, and few have any claim to beauty without a pattern cut at one place or another on their anatomy.

The Bush Negroes' artcraft, by far the most outstanding of their many striking characteristics, makes an indelible impression. I do not know of any living indigenous people in the Western Hemisphere in whom the artistic impulse is more highly developed, or among whom artistic ability and attainment play a more important part in the social structure. While collecting

specimens of their wood carvings for the American Museum of Natural History, I found that they were not at all anxious to part with them. Only after I offered an exceptional price, explained how far I had come, and complimented them on their craft could I persuade them to trade with me.

On the middle and lower rivers, I found that money



Author Kahn (in pith helmet) and associates lay plans for an extensive expedition up the Tapanahoni River



Djukas are masters of Surinam's wild rivers, and foreign travelers depend on their navigational skill

and leaf tobacco were the chief media of trade, but as I journeyed farther back into the interior on the great rivers, the value of the guilder decreased and that of tobacco increased, until in the more remote villages the leaf was the sole currency. After many unsuccessful attempts, I secured an example of the most highly prized of all their possessions, the elaborately carved telegraph drum or *apénte*, and then only because its owner had

recently been ostracized from his village and traded with me for provisions. One young lady, however, volunteered a bracelet of delicately filed iron because, as she claimed, my eyes reminded her of her husband, lately deceased, so sentiment is evidently not entirely absent among them.

The man who carves artistically in wood is looked upon with high favor by the tribal women and is also respected by members of his own sex. Of course, the ability to hunt, fish, and provide for a family are qualities essential in every young man seeking a mate, but these are almost taken for granted, for there are few Bush Negroes who cannot hold their own on the game trails or along the swift rivers. The women seem to require that their households be provided with highly decorated implements, and sloppy or careless artistry is considered additional grounds for divorce (a divorce being easily won by women in any event).

So the Djuka men decorate practically every implement used in the daily life of the tribe. Small wooden paddles made simply to stir food are intricately carved in one or more of the traditional designs. Praying sticks and graceful canoe paddles, especially those for the women, are similarly decorated. The big stools and benches upon which the Djukas sit call for tremendous carving skill and reflect the style of the great stools of Ashanti. Combs used only to comb their kinky hair and not as ornaments, the small, low tabourettes that serve at times as tables, and the calabash gourds that are used for plates and spoons are always splendidly decorated, delicately and symmetrically designed.

I concluded that this art work and the motifs displayed were very probably a survival of the African heritage, though modified. The snake motif so common in Djuka carvings is closely related to designs of the same character found among the tribes from Senegal to the Congo, the principal hunting grounds of the slave trader. Other units of decoration have been traced to the Ashanti, Ibo, Yoruba, and Benin people. The wooden combs, with their gracefully pierced ornamental work, are an almost unaltered remnant of African origin, for the same kind are made and used today by the Negro tribes in the northern part of the Ivory Coast Colony and other regions of Africa. Comb specimens from many parts of Africa are displayed at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, but, curiously, they are neither so delicately wrought nor so symmetrically carved as those made by the Djuka artist in the South American jungle, three thousand miles and two hundred years away from his fatherland. When one considers that the tools used by the Djuka wood carver are cheap trade knives and dividers, and that the smooth finish is usually achieved with a grass mat dipped in fine river sand, the beauty of the workmanship becomes all the more amazing.

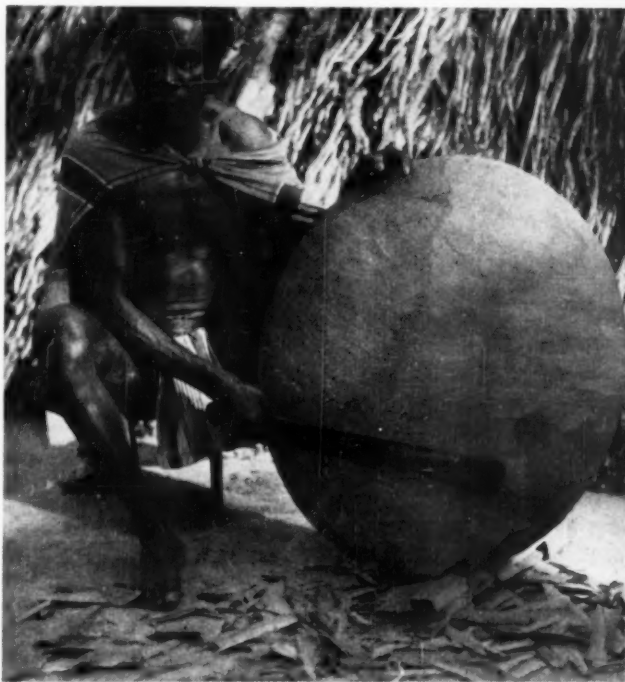
Many other instances could be given to show the close relation between Bush Negro art and that of West Africa, especially that found on the Gold and Ivory Coasts and in the Cameroons. The districts mentioned are among those from which large numbers of Negroes were shipped to the Americas and the similarities are

probably not accidental. Furthermore, the snake designs that occur so often are religious emblems for the Bush Negro as they are in West Africa, at Dahomey and Whydah, origin of many thousands of slaves and one of the principal centers of snake worship.

We can only very briefly summarize here the religious



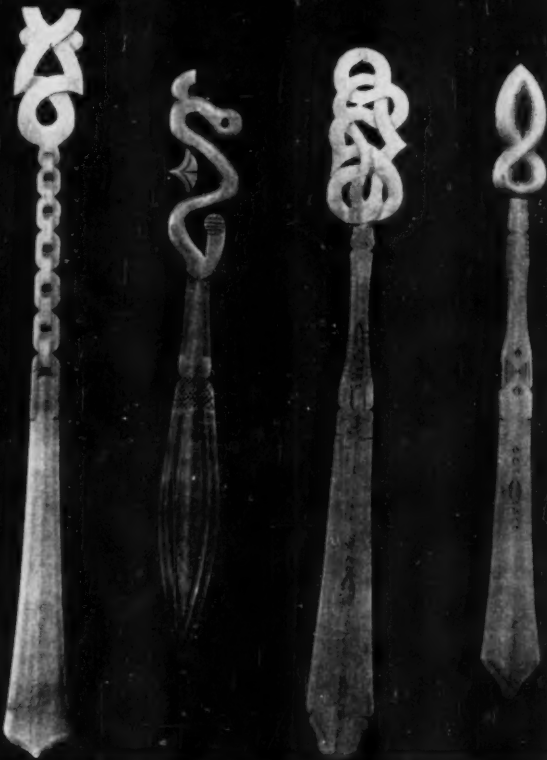
*Djukas are master wood carvers: the sacred leba bangi or crescent moon stool*



*A machete and a common pocket knife are the only tools used in making a tray from section of a hardwood tree trunk*

outlook of these people: they believe in a supreme god, a ruling spirit over all things, but they have a number of minor deities besides, such as the alligator, the silk cotton tree, and a type of boa constrictor that is used to accompany their Voodoo ceremonies. Ancestor worship is also common. Incidentally, these expert carvers pur-





Even cooking utensils must be delicately wrought: carved pot stirrers made by the Saramacca tribe



A Bush Negro stool top carved in hardwood. Surinam Negro craftsmanship surpasses that of Africa today



Each of these Saramacca combs is made from a single piece of wood

posedly do not make their religious fetishes elaborate. When I asked about this, I was told that they do not know what the god looks like so they cannot reproduce his image. Another informant told me that if the god was a good god, he would be so regardless of whether any special pains were taken to embellish his idol.

Along with other supernatural beliefs, magic, both good and evil, is rife. The Bush Negro term for good or protective magic is *obiah*, while evil or black magic is *wissi*. Volumes could be written on both. *Obiah* in its outward manifestation takes the form of charms of various kinds worn on the person. There are charms to insure a safe journey, to protect one when walking alone along a bush trail at night, for wooing a woman (or a man), for luck in hunting and fishing, to prevent accidents on the river; but the most important *obiah* of all is the one to ward off black magic. Then there is the *opo*, which makes it possible for a person who has it in his possession to bend another to his will. The making of all these amulets, for good and for evil, is in the hands of people supposedly highly skilled in the art. But they should not be confused with the so-called witch doctors, who have a knowledge of various medicinal plants and roots found in the bush, who are at least semi-skilled in the setting of broken bones, and who, above all, administer through various elaborate rituals to the psychosomatic diseases these high-strung people are so susceptible to. Their famous snake-bite "cure" made from the roasted head and tail of a venomous snake is highly prized even in Dutch towns, and many believe it also has the power to turn poisonous reptiles from one's path.

The sacred medicine city of Dahomey far up the Surinam River is named for the original in Africa. White men are not permitted to enter, for it is thought that the god who hovers over this sacred precinct would be offended by their presence. Here the seriously ill are brought from nearby villages and ministered to by special witch doctors. It is said that miraculous cures are often effected in healing broken bones.

I could not close without a word concerning the benevolent rule of the highly efficient Dutch authorities, who give these black men free range of the rivers and jungle and treat their Gran-mon very kindly when he comes down annually for counsel with the Governor at Paramaribo. Also noteworthy are the Djuka's great courage and his splendid work as a river man, in his frail dugout canoe, completely mastering the mighty streams and treacherous rapids. The Djukas are a proud and admirable people, well adapted to their environment. Here in this northeastern corner of South America they present a living picture of the West Africa of more than two hundred years ago. ♦ ♦ ♦

#### Answers to Quiz on page 47

- (1) Studebaker (manufactured at South Bend, Indiana).
- (2) San Francisco, California.
- (3) It leads, with 95,000,000 cattle and calves as of January 1. Brazil and Argentina are second and third, respectively, with 56,000,000 and 42,000,000.
- (4) The Metropolitan Opera House.
- (5) William Faulkner.
- (6) About 450,000.
- (7) Stanford.
- (8) Chicago (population 3,620,962).
- (9) No. There are at least thirty-eight higher falls.
- (10) Atomic energy.

## WITH HER DAGGER, SWORD, AND HARQUEBUS

(Continued from page 11)

In Cuzco, the capital of the Incas, the Nun-Lieutenant boarded in the house of Salcedo, the treasurer, and spent all her time gambling. She lived well and dressed elegantly, for her winnings had been considerable. But in all her stormy life she had never forgotten the outward formalities of the religion inculcated since childhood. She relates in a text regarded as her autobiography that "I prayed every day as the nuns do, fasted all through Lent, Advent, and fast days, flagellated myself three times a week, and went to Mass daily." Examined realistically, this sounds false. The circumstances of her life made such conduct virtually impossible, even supposing a desire for it. Perhaps she attended Mass from time to time, in order not to violate the customs of the age. In Cuzco one day, as she was going to Mass at the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, she heard in the same street a sound she knew very well: the sound of a card game in progress. What surprised her was that it issued from a house she had never been in before.

She went to Mass and afterward to the gambling house. There she found six men playing, all of them from La Mancha or Estremadura; she was a Biscayan. In the Cuzco of those days, rivalry was intense among those born in different regions of Spain, but in the Nun-Lieutenant the gambling passion was stronger than local antagonisms. She took a seat among the players, and in three hands won a good deal of money. Her luck was still holding when a soldier entered the room, so fearsome he was called "the New Cid": he killed anyone who dared contradict him.

The New Cid took up a position behind the Nun-Lieutenant, and when she won again, helped himself to a handful of *reales* from her winnings. Alone among seven men, she said nothing. He did it again. She warned him that twice was enough; he was not to try it a third time. The New Cid paid no attention. He soon reached out his hand again, but the Nun-Lieutenant pricked him lightly with her dagger, as if to give him time to repent.

A fight was inevitable. All the players fell upon the Nun-Lieutenant with their weapons. She had to flee into the street, pursued by the La Manchans and Estremadurans, until she met four Biscayans who took her side.

The quarrel turned into a chase through the streets of Cuzco as both sides sought reinforcements. Suddenly the Nun-Lieutenant and the New Cid found themselves alone in front of the San Francisco Convent, both with sword in hand. They fought with relentless fury until he wounded her and she dropped. Terrified at the thought that he had killed her, the New Cid beat on the convent door to seek asylum. The Nun-Lieutenant was indeed badly injured, but she did not lack strength or courage to get up and again attack her adversary, who, on seeing her rise, struck out with his sword. Catalina deflected his weapon and in turn ran the New Cid through with her own. He sank to the ground, dying.

When the friars emerged in response to the New Cid's knocking, they found the duelists stretched out on the



Portrait of Captain Alonso de Ribera, Governor of Chile, in whose ranks Catalina fought the Araucanian Indians

Indomitable Araucanians fought on against Spaniards for three centuries



DON ALONSO DE RIVERA. VICE-REY DE CHILE. ENVIADO PARA PACIFICAR A ARAUCANOS. FUE EL QUE ENVIÓ A CATALINA DE VILLALBA PARA QUE SE ENCONTRARA CON EL SEÑOR DON ALONSO DE RIVERA.

pavement in pools of blood. The one with the most presence of mind immediately confessed the New Cid, who was breathing his last beside the door; another wished to perform the same service for the Nun-Lieutenant but she refused. She asked only to be carried to Treasurer Salcedo's house.

Her condition was so critical that the surgeon called to attend her gave her only a few hours to live, and advised her to arrange her affairs with God. She asked for Father Luis Ferrer, the superior, as confessor, and, burning with fever, racked by her secret more than by pain, revealed the truth for the first time in twenty-three years. The priest refused to believe her. Here he had a dying soldier—the protagonist of a brawl that had excited the city, the participant in a duel to the death—assuring him she was a woman, not a man! The facts must have conquered his incredulity at last, but the secrecy of the confessional obliged him to hold his tongue.

Catalina was moved to the San Francisco Convent to evade the arm of the law. For five months she fought death, and the extraordinary vigor of her constitution finally won out. As she improved, the confessor repeatedly urged her to make the facts known; stubbornly she insisted that she could not do so on American soil. When she was well, her Biscayan compatriots decided she must leave Cuzco, for the La Manchans and Estremadurans were only waiting for a chance to avenge the death of the New Cid.

She agreed to go, but not without first buying more elegant masculine clothes. Then, richly dressed and escorted by five Negroes, she stole out of the city one night and reached Apurima without difficulty. But there her prospects turned black; the local judge was a relative

of the New Cid, and came out to apprehend her. As was her custom, she offered battle; but, overcome by superior numbers, she was taken prisoner, jailed, and subjected to a lightning trial at which many accusations were placed against her for quarreling. She was sentenced to hang.

Her days numbered, Catalina again faced a confessor and again revealed her secret. The priest, amazed and moved, told her that her only chance of escaping the gallows lay in making public the fact that she was a woman.

The story produced much confusion among the people of Apurima. But the sentence stood.

Her confessor turned out to be a first-class lawyer, capable of swaying blind, rigid justice with the resources of emotion. He took advantage of the wonder aroused by the case, exerted influence, obtained letters from bishops and governors testifying to the great services Catalina had rendered the King's cause, and finally won clemency. Her future was left in the hands of the Bishop of Cuzco, who unhesitatingly put her into a nun's habit and aboard a galleon bound for Spain.

She arrived at the end of 1624. Twenty-four years before, she had left dressed as a man. Now she was returning in a nun's habit, but with no desire at all to return to the convent. Her immediate relatives were all dead. Hardly was she ashore when she made up her mind to abide by the course her life had taken. She presented a petition to the King, asking for a pension and for permission to continue dressing as a man without interference from the authorities or the police. She had adopted men's clothes, she explained, "because of natural taste."

The petition, buttressed by the testimony of various captains in whose commands she had fought, slowly traversed the wilderness of court bureaucracy until the King awarded her a life pension of eight hundred pesos a year in recognition of her services. Although there is no record of a decision on her wearing of men's clothes, it appears that the Court chose not to authorize it formally but not to forbid it either, for a number of writers tell of having seen her in Spain wearing masculine attire. After an unprofitable pilgrimage to Rome, she decided to return to America. It was at this point, while she was waiting for a ship, that Pacheco painted her portrait. She was then forty-eight.

Other remarkable incidents marked the second period of her life, for her arrogance and contentiousness were not damaged by the revelation of her secret. Quite the contrary. She chose Mexico as her home, and there—undoubtedly dressed as a man—went into the business of transporting goods between Mexico City and Veracruz and escorting travelers along the unsafe seventeenth-century roads.

The Nun-Lieutenant lived on in Mexico for many years, using the name of Antonio de Erauso. Her primary concern, it seems, was to have someone write an "autobiography" that would present her as circumspect, prudent, and fervently religious. In this last period of her life, she wished to gain the esteem and respect of

society, as a sedative for a conscience that may have suffered many torments.

She died in 1650 in the village of Cotastla, near Orizaba, while she was on a journey between Veracruz and Mexico City. She was given a sumptuous funeral, attended by many residents and church dignitaries. The Bishop of Puebla had a laudatory epitaph placed on her tomb, thus marking a peaceful end to a life without truce—a life that has never, despite all that has been written, yielded up its mystery. ♦ ♦ ♦

coming in our January number

## AMERICAS'

second annual special travel issue

with an up-to-date report on

road conditions on the Pan American highway

... pointers on a new way to see Mexico ...

the story of Peru's unique national hotel chain

... and other valuable tips for the tourist

### GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 3, 4, 5, 35 Ralph Robinson
- 6 Courtesy Morton C. Kahn—Courtesy Pan American World Airways (No. 3)
- 7, 8, 41, 42, 43 Courtesy Morton C. Kahn
- 10, 11, 44 Heliodoro Torrente
- 12, 13, 14, 15 Courtesy Samuel Kaplan
- 17, 18 *Exploraciones a los Istmos de Panamá y de Darién*, by Armand Reclus
- 19, 30 *Panamá: Eslabón entre Dos Mundos*
- 20, 21, 22, 23 Courtesy Peter Scheier
- 25, 26 Fenno Jacobs, Black Star
- 29 F. Adelhardt
- 31 Courtesy Panama Canal
- 47 (1) Courtesy Don Cooper—(2) Courtesy Santa Fe Railway—(3) Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture—(4) Courtesy Associated Press—(6) Courtesy New Mexico State Tourist Bureau—(7) Courtesy Stanford University—(9) Courtesy Nyspix—(10) Courtesy U. S. Army
- Inside back cover Rómulo M. Sessarego



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### OLD ACQUAINTANCE

Dear Sirs:

It was an unexpected pleasure to come across *AMERICAS* on the shelf of the public library here. But it was an even greater one to discover the article on Spanish who-dun-its by Dr. José Portuondo. Several years ago I studied Spanish American literature with him at the graduate school of Duke University. I found the gentleman from Cuba one of the most brilliant and inspiring literary personalities ever! Why not some more of his articles? And most especially—why not some about Cuba?

Dorothy Gale  
Honolulu, T.H.

### JUDGMENT DAY

Dear Sirs:

In the June issue of *AMERICAS* there were several "Letters to the Editors" expressing diverse opinions on the article *Two-way Guide to Correct Behavior* (January 1954). They immediately brought to mind the very apropos statement of a widely recognized authority: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." Those letters revealed more about the critics themselves than about the author's keen sense of humor and discernment. I'm on the side of those who voiced their approval.

Robert Storrs Osgood  
Chula Vista, California

### BOOK EXCHANGE?

Dear Sirs:

I am very much interested in contacting someone in Mexico City who would be interested in exchanging Mexican and Argentine books. I need publications on literature, philosophy, and political science, and am quite willing to be the first to send books on this basis to any qualified person who contacts me. I would appreciate your assistance in this matter.

José Gilardoni (hijo)  
Colón, 314  
San Fernando,  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

### PHOTO CONTEST

Dear Sirs:

At the Institute of Publications of the University of Buenos Aires where I work, I have the opportunity of reading *AMERICAS* regularly.

In the June number, I admired the photographs made by the winners of the contest that you sponsored. Although I have no technical understanding of the material, I want you to know that all, or almost all, seemed excellent to me. Allow me to congratulate you on the results.

Leonor Petrazzini  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

### ANYONE FOR MAT SERVICES?

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps your Central and South American readers connected with newspapers or advertising agencies could give me the names and addresses of mat services (photos and artwork) in their respective countries or cities. As a student of the Americas, and of advertising art, I would value this information.

I would also appreciate the opportunity of corresponding with young advertising or newspaper people.

My home is Milwaukee, Wisconsin, although I am currently serving my two-year "hitch" in the Army at Camp Pickett, Virginia, Public Information Office.

O. John Haering  
111 8th Street  
Blackstone, Virginia

## MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked *AMERICAS* to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name.

Marilyn Anderson (E, S)	Robert Muñoz L.
215 Park Drive	(S, E, F, German, Dutch)
Norman, Oklahoma	Guayana, 450
	Los Andes, Chile
George G. Stoffel (E, F, S, German)	Narciso J. F. Coll (S, E)
5247 W. 24th Street	Deán Funes, 35
Cicero 50, Illinois	Rosario, Santa Fé, Argentina
José Rodríguez Pórez (E, S)	Gaty L. Hordemaker (S, E)
Necochea 266	30 Shepard Place
Resistencia, Argentina	Nutley 10, New Jersey
Yves Richard (E, F)	Beatriz Alicia Lugano (S, E)
263 St. Cyrille Street	Maza, 951 - Depto. A
Quebec, Que., Canada	Buenos Aires, Argentina
George D. Gregory, Jr.	Anibal Donato (S, E, P)
(E, F, Italian, Greek)	Rua Corredreira, 31
1435 Otto Boulevard	Vila Guercindo (Bancarios)
Chicago Heights 8, Illinois	Vila Mariana
Fernando Jorge Sanabria (S, E)	São Paulo, Brazil
Canalejas, No. 50, alto.	Edison Ferreira (E, P)
Las Palmas de Gr. C.	Rua Matilde Sá Barbosa, 36
Islas Canarias, Spain	Bairro da Luz
Nicholas Cort (E, Latin)	São Paulo, Brazil
Hob Nob Farm	Richard Veatch (S, F, E)
Claverack, New York	3612 Strandway
Leda Rogojnikova (S, E, P)	San Diego 8, California
Rua Pilar, 24	Esteban Mares (S, E, F)
Bairro da Casa Verde	213 Second Street
São Paulo, Brazil	Santa Rosa, New Mexico
Graciela Roitberg (S, E, F)	Gorgonio Tortijos (S, E, P, F)
San Nicolás, 4817	Pl. Botánico, 5
Buenos Aires, Argentina	Valencia, Spain
Julio R. Contreras (S, E, F)	Jorge García Rueda (S, E, P, F)
Thames, 2210	Carrera 13, 19-46
Buenos Aires, Argentina	Bogotá, Colombia
Dryden Alexander (S, E)	Dorothy Jackson (E, S)
15808 Halldale Avenue	Georgetown
Garden, California	Grand Cayman
Enzo Rodríguez (E, S, P)	Cayman Islands
Romero, 5-4 (R-37)	British West Indies
Buenos Aires, Argentina	
	Haydée Hermida (S, E, F)
	Juncal, 738
	Merlo, Buenos Aires, Argentina

**Do your Christmas shopping early and simply!** GIVE A SUBSCRIPTION TO

*AMERICAS*. The Pan American Union will send an appropriate Christmas card announcing it. The first 1-year gift subscription is \$3.00. Each additional 1-year subscription is \$2.00.

Send in your list of names today to the

PAN AMERICAN UNION, WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

# KNOW YOUR U. S. NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 43



1. All but one of the following motor cars—Cadillac, Ford, Studebaker, Chrysler, Chevrolet—are among those manufactured in Detroit, Michigan, auto center of the world. Do you know which one?

2. Several U.S. cities have large China-town sections like this one (population 30,000) in \_\_\_\_\_, probably the best known of them all. Fill in the blank.



3. Montana cowboy moves herd of steers across Gallatin Valley range. How would you say the United States ranks in the world in the size of its cattle herds?

4. The name of this New York opera house is synonymous with excellence in the music world. What is it?



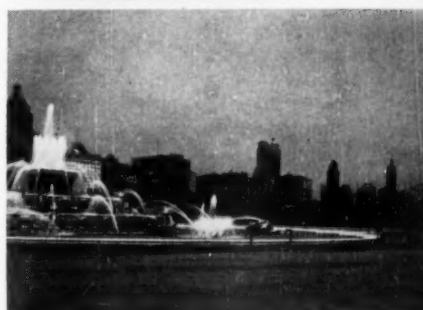
5. Novelist and Nobel Prize winner, resident of Oxford, Mississippi. Mythical Yoknapatawpha County, in the same state, serves as background for his penetrating stories of life in the Deep South. Who is he?

6. Pueblo Indian of New Mexico, member of one of about two hundred still-surviving tribes. Including Eskimos and other Alaskan natives, do U.S. Indians today number about 10,000,000; 450,000; 1,250,000; or 100,000?



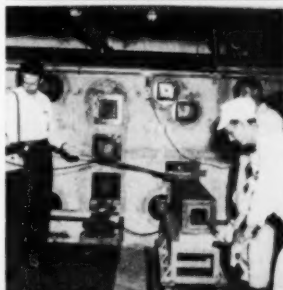
7. Main arch at entrance of a West Coast university, one of the most important in the country. Is it Tulane, Princeton, Notre Dame, or Stanford?

8. Grant Park in the second largest U.S. city, which is also the nation's largest rail center and the major grain exchange and corn market. Is it Boston, Dallas, Chicago, or Seattle?



9. Niagara Falls are tourist attraction and traditional honeymoon goal. Except for Angel Falls in Venezuela and Iguassú on the Argentine-Brazilian border, are they the highest in the Hemisphere?

10. Workmen engaged in the leading industry of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. What is it?



## CONTRIBUTORS



"Should We All Go Metric?" asks DARRELL HUFF, who feels that "the metric system is creeping up on us all the time." A writer whose articles have appeared in most of the outstanding big-circulation U.S. magazines, Iowa-born Mr. Huff lives in Sonoma, California, where he spends his mornings at the typewriter and his afternoons puttering around the house with his wife and four daughters. As a result of his interest in detail, he has attracted considerable attention with his

book *How To Lie With Statistics*, a valuable contribution to an age that seems inclined to accept anything so long as it can be bolstered with figures. Mr. Huff has two degrees from the University of Iowa, was associate editor of *Look*, managing editor of *Better Homes & Gardens*, and executive editor of *Liberty*.



FLORENTINO BARBOSA E SILVA is entirely familiar with the "São Paulo Art Center" (the city's Museum of Art), because, in addition to his career as a lawyer, he works as an assistant in its motion-picture department. He also teaches a course on the economic and legal aspects of movie-making in the institution's motion-picture seminar. Besides his other activities, Mr. Barbosa e Silva writes for the art magazine *Habitat*, for which he traveled through Bolivia and Peru last year gathering in-

formation. A member of the organizing committee of the Brazilian Federation of Movie Clubs, he recently returned to Brazil after six months in Europe, where he studied and wrote about movies for several European newspapers.



One of Panama's leading geographers, Spanish-born ANGEL RUBIO, contributes "In the Wake of the Chagres," a profile of one of his country's important rivers. Educated in Seville, where he worked with his father, who was assistant director of the *Archivo General de Indias*, Professor Rubio has been teaching history and geography for over thirty years. He is now a professor at the University of Panama, where he planned the geography curriculum. Because of his specific knowledge on

the subject, he was recently consulted by former King Leopold III of Belgium in connection with the deposed monarch's expe-

dition to retrace the route followed by Balboa when he discovered the Pacific Ocean.

The author of "Little Africa in America," MORTON C. KAHN of Cornell University Medical College, has traveled periodically among the Negroes of the Guianas and the West Coast of Africa during more than thirty years. "My primary interest is parasitology and tropical diseases," he says, "but my avocation, in which I take an intense interest, is ethnology. . . . I have found no people who intrigue me more than the Djukas of Dutch Guiana." Professor Kahn has also worked in Central America and in Venezuela and Colombia. His last expedition to Djuka country was in the summer of 1953. He has been a member of the Cornell faculty for the past thirty-five years.



Chilean JULIO LANZAROTTI comes up this month with the story of Catalina de Erauso, the seventeenth-century Spanish woman warrior. "With Her Dagger, Sword, and Harquebus" is an account of an extraordinary figure whose exploits matched those of the boldest conquistador. Mr. Lanzarotti started out to be a lawyer but switched to journalism when he joined the staff of the Santiago weekly *Ercilla* as a reporter. Today, at thirty-five, he is the magazine's director. He has traveled extensively in Argentina, Bolivia, and Peru.



The search for a comfortable climate to settle down in has led sixty-nine-year-old SAMUEL KAPLAN from New York City to Mexico City, locale of the institution he writes about in "People's Pawnshop." Starting out as a clerk in New York's general post office, he eventually turned to advertising in Philadelphia, but tales of San Francisco's cool summers lured him to California, where he practiced his trade for twenty years. "In 1946 I heard rumors that the climate of Mexico City was even

more dulcet than San Francisco's," he writes. "The only way to find out was to find out, and I've been here since." His articles have appeared in *Coronet* and *Magazine Digest*.

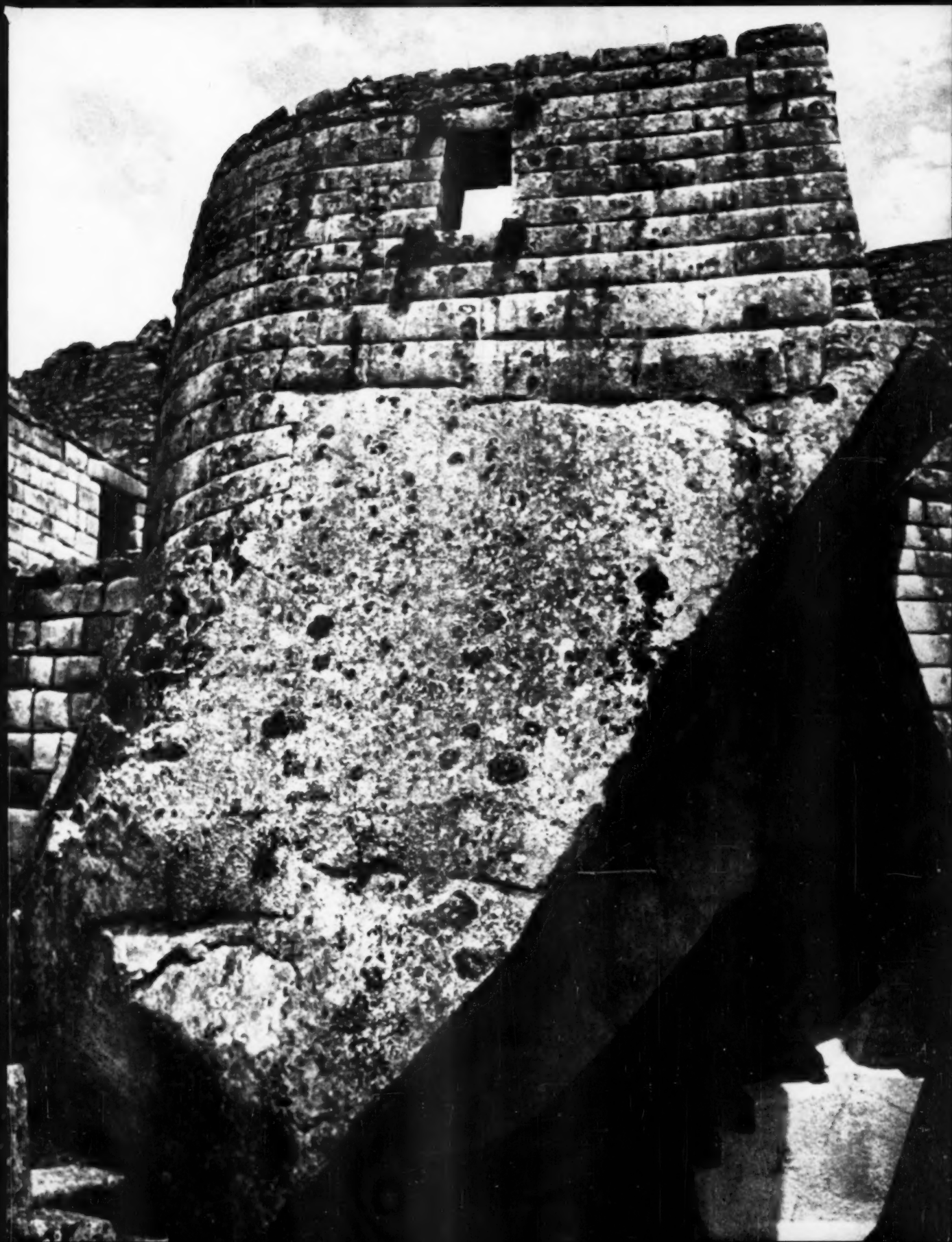
Helen Augur's book *Zapotec* is reviewed by former McGraw-Hill editor ROBERT E. KINGSLEY, a student of Mexican history and pre-history, who has written extensively on industrial developments in Latin America. Poet-writer MUNA LEE of the U.S. Department of State evaluates *This New World*, by William L. Schurz.

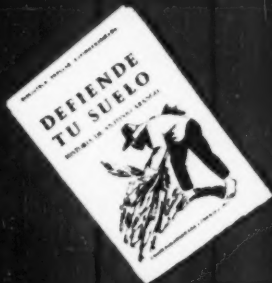
The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.







*help win  
the fight  
against  
illiteracy!*

## THE LATIN AMERICAN FUNDAMENTAL EDUCATION PRESS

provides quality materials for the illiterate adult, with a wealth of educational and cultural information. Through the American educational system of adult basic education.

**Send**

**fundamental education gift packages**

Under the Fundamental Education Gift Plan, you or your organization may designate the recipient or let the Pan American Union make the selection for you. We will notify you of the group selected to receive the package.

PAN AMERICAN UNION  
Washington 6, D. C.

Date .....

Please send the Fundamental Education Gift Package checked below to:

Name of recipient .....

Address .....

City & Country .....

Package 1 ☐ Package 2 ☐ Package 3 ☐ Package 4 ☐

Enclosed \$ .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

### package no. 1

120 copies of Fundamental Education  
booklets, 10 copies each of 12 titles \$4.00

### package no. 2

240 copies of Fundamental Education  
booklets, 20 copies each of 12 titles \$8.00

### package no. 3

1200 copies of Fundamental Educa-  
tion booklets, 100 copies each of 12  
titles \$36.00

### package no. 4

2400 copies of Fundamental Educa-  
tion booklets, 200 copies each of 12  
titles \$72.00